

EMMA CORBETT:

OR, THE

B. B. N.

MISERIES OF CIVIL WAR.

FOUNDED ON

SOME RECENT CIRCUMSTANCES
WHICH HAPPENED IN AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LIBERAL OPINIONS, PUPIL OF PLEASURE,
SHENSTONE GREEN, &c.

The deadly Poison hath forsaken Henry,
And now pours all its torment upon Emma.

Parodied from THOMSON.

The sons against the FATHERS stood;
The PARENTS shed their CHILDREN's blood.

SMOLLETT.

D U B L I N,

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MDCC LXXX.

EMMA CORBETT

OF THE

MISERIES OF CIVIL WAR.

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WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN AMERICA

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LIBERAL OPINIONS OF FREEDOM

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DR. D E L A C O U R.

SIR,

I AM not going to ascribe to you a miracle. I renounce enthusiasm, and think too highly of your understanding to insult it by flattery. But, so far as *second* causes may be necessary to fulfil the fiat of the *first*, in the government of human affairs, I do, in the most solemn manner, believe, you were the means of saving me, in the last summer, from death.

Prior to the event which procured me the benefit of your advice, it had been my chief pleasure to compose the volumes which now approach you. Struck by an uncommon tenderness in the circumstances, whereon the work is founded, I wished earnestly for health to finish what might prove a source of virtuous entertainment. Not that I laid any stress on my *own* effort towards it, but because the facts were pre-eminently beautiful in *themselves*; and courted every addition of fancy, with every embell-

bellishment of the heart. I recovered. Emma Corbett was concluded. The incidents, without the least literary adornment, take a strong hold of the feelings; and, probably, will owe more to their simplicity and native TRUTH, than if, by a more elaborate effort, I had robbed them of this *genuine* advantage.

The tear of Sensibility is at once the softest and best evidence of the praise which it is my ambition to merit on this occasion: and if it be my lot to enjoy this honour, you cannot be ignorant of the means by which it has been conferred. Notwithstanding this, every thing, which tends to shew the world how entirely your generosity prevailed over your interest, will, I know, be interdicted. I comply therefore, Sir, with the proscriptions of delicacy, though I am thereby deprived of doing justice: and with whatever difficulty I repress the current of my gratitude; only reserving to myself the pleasure to declare publicly, how much I am, Sir,

Your most obliged

And most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

BATH, April 1,
1780.

EMMA CORBETT.

LETTER I.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

HAMMOND, you have hurt me. I can no longer look on you with pleasure. Forbear your visits. My daughter Emma shall not be yours. I have an objection. Will you hear it explained? Being explained, will you *remove* it? You can: you ought: you *must*; or this closes our connection. To be at a word, will you render it *possible* for me to call you my son? I write in confidence. Reply without delay. I love exactness. Farewell.

CHARLES CORBETT.

B LETTER

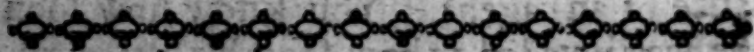
LETTER II.

MR. HAMMOND'S ANSWER.

THERE is then a possibility, O my dear Mr. Corbett, of surmounting this objection. Do you ask, as a petition, what you might claim as a command? Generous friend! O name the circumstance, hint your expectations, and give me—all that I can desire—an opportunity to obey them. Have you not been the guardian of my youth? Are you not the father of Emma? I am all impatience, and I am

Ever yours,

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER III.

TO MR. HAMMOND.

YOUR promises are fair, and the language in which they are expressed, is proper to your age, and suitable to your character. I hasten to give you the opportunity you invite.—Resign your commission,—*that* commission which, against all dissuasive hints, you have solicited and procured. Transfer your sword, or else draw it in the cause of liberty and heaven.

Your

Your school-fellow, Edward, has, as you know, fallen a victim to these hostilities. My darling son is no more. He was plentifully provided for in the colonies.—The spot which he occupied was disforested by his ancestors, who, at the cost of infinite toil, turned to a smiling domain, what they found a wilderness, inauspicious to every purpose of society. It descended to this unhappy youth just as tyranny began to forge chains for freedom; and he traversed the sea to defend his property. He would not suffer the legacy of his people to be ravished from him by the spoiler, while a hand remained to prevent the plunder. He took possession of the land, which before was under the superintendence of an agent. You know how soon he was invaded,—how soon his little territory was laid waste,—his house set fire to—and how, when the enemy advanced to his door, he was hurried into arms. He became a soldier on necessity. He fought—He fell!—

The blow which killed a son had well nigh killed a father also.—Yet, in presence of Emma and you, I exerted my utmost fortitude. But the wound is not healed; it is still bleeding at my heart. To men's eyes it seems well. I have tied about it a political bandage, yet I secretly detest every principle which *began*, and every mo-

nive which *continues*, this *assassination of America*. Long I have kept the anguish of these sentiments to myself. It makes no part of my conversation—but now, finding your ardour, O my dear Harry, likely to take a wrong direction, it is time to speak—it is time to tell you, what will *lose* and what *gain* me for *ever*. Hammond, you are about to engage in a cruel cause—a cause to which I object both as patriot and as parent. The vigour with which you have fought to obtain an authority to go forth *amongst* your countrymen, *against* your countrymen, bears in it something shocking to my nature. Whom I thought tender, I find bloody. Do you desire to be a hero? the means are ready. Change the position of the attack, and *that* will, in itself, be heroism. Or, which is still *better*, if you could cultivate the embellishing arts of peace, and the Muses who love you, apologize to your patron the East, for the trouble you have given—take the hand of Emma Corbett, and, with her, share the fortunes of her father.

These sentiments declare my opinion of your honour; and my esteem for your person is expressed in the presents I tender. Perceiving how obstinately you were bent to aid this fallacious plot against the rights of nature and mankind, I thought
to

EMMA CORBETT. 5

to let you go blindly on to blacken yet more the catalogue of British oppressors. But I well knew the source and progress of that sentiment which unites you to my only surviving child. And I feel myself unwilling, that the son of a dear deceased friend should thus prostitute his courage in an action so peculiarly base, so peculiarly barbarous. Emma, fortune, and my favour, are before you. You know the prizes, and you are not now ignorant of the only mode of conduct by which they can be obtained. Farewell then. Think seriously, venerate my trust, and do not forfeit my esteem. I put you to the test.

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER V.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

NO greater time is necessary to determine, than that which will be taken up in penning the determination. I do venerate your trust. My principles make sacred every man's private opinion; but the very same principles compel me to forfeit

B 3 even

6 EMMA CORBETT.

even *your* affection, sir, if it is to be preserved at the price of my duty. We unfortunately, happen to see the American dispute in opposite lights; it is sufficient to a soldier that he believes his quarrel to be just. You arraign my humanity. Wherefore? I retort not the accusation. May we not consider a public contest in different points of view, and yet be friends? Both may act from feeling, and both on principle. You imagine America is aggrieved, while I look upon *her* as the aggressor. What of that? do we interfere with the opinions of each other? I was not accessory to the death of your son; and had it been my fate to meet him in the field, I can conceive the point on which nature would have insisted. She would gracefully have led us both, a little from the line of duty, and spared one in sympathy to the other. Nay, more. Had I seen the sword tremble at his bosom, my own should for that moment have been as a shield, and you know not *how* far I would have ventured for the brother of Emma. But as to the commission, O be assured, I did not solicit till I had well reflected on every consequence, probable and possible, of obtaining it. It is obtained, and I rejoice; nor could it be resigned to purchase a diadem, with Emma on a throne to wear it. Change sides!

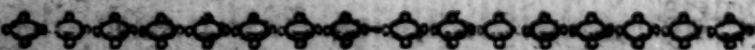
No,

No, sir; if these are to be the terms, take back the hand you *permitted* me to win, and possess, undivided, her fortune and your own. You have not looked accurately at my soul. As I am not, on the one hand, so *sensual*, to gratify my passion at the expence of the holy faith and the solemn services which I have sworn to my country; so neither am I so *sordid* on the other, as to court her inheritance without many endeavours, consistent with the powers of my youth, to add something to her fortune. Patrimony hath dropt from my hope, but nature may, perhaps, have bestowed the equivalent. The arts of war, rather than those of peace, seem, at this conjuncture, to lay the strongest claim to the genius of a young Englishman; and I have no notion of that indolence which can be content to fall into the arms of beauty and prosperity, without a single effort to deserve them. If, sir, I have any tender interest in the heart of Emma—as I think I have, it has been more generously fought. But why do I argue with so much gravity, when perhaps you intend all this in the way of trial: willing to see if my attachment to my native country was not less than my passion for my mistress. Yes, yes, this is your experiment. You wanted to know whether it was appetite or affection that influenced

8 EMMA CORBETT:

influenced me in regard to your daughter, and you will not, I trust, be displeased to find the basis as solid as your friendship or solicitude might desire. Adieu, dear sir, I thank you for the stratagem: and glory in every success that draws me nearer to your heart. Adieu.

HENRY HAMMOND.



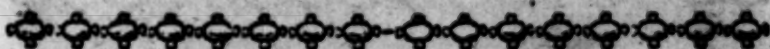
LETTER VI.

TO MR. HAMMOND.

POOR misguided youth, receive the last kindness I can ever shew you: receive my pity. You will, however, in common politeness, cease to render yourself unwelcome, and save me from an appearance of inhospitality. I think you ought, as a man of honour, to drop corresponding with Emma, and let it seem to be your own act and deed, self-suggested, and self-inspired. This, however, your conscience will best settle. To that I refer you. As you so soon depart, a few more letters cannot be very material. Farther avowals of love, however, I shall consider as seductions.

EMMA CORBETT. 9

ons. Farewell. To wish you success in your undertakings, would be to partake of your folly: you will therefore excuse me. I will only say, what is perfectly true, that I am extremely sorry for you. Heaven place your feet in a fairer path. In that you are going to tread, Mr. Hammond, you may find havock and horror, but never can find either honour or happiness.



LETTER VII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

APPREHEND nothing from my intrusion, sir. I never enter any house, whose doors do not move willingly to receive me. What you are pleased to call seduction appears to me so absolute a propriety, that I must take the liberty to persist in it. I have reason to think the affections of your daughter are engaged. I cultivated them under your approving smile, and with your immediate sanction. I have not a heart that can put on or cast off its partialities, exactly as the opinions of a third person—even tho' he be a father—happen to fluctuate. It is Emma, therefore, and *only* Emma, can prevail with

to **EMMA CORBETT.**

with me to stop the current of affection
or of correspondence. I refer you to *her*
conscience, since it is not an apt reference
you make to mine. I suggest no disobe-
dience, but shall never violate one tittle
of that faith, which, as a voluntary bond
of soul, is firmly given by Emma Corbett
to

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER VIII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

INEXORABLE boy, I shall urge
you no more. Here let all connexion
close for ever. When I permitted you,
under the fair disguise of simplicity which
you assumed, to seek the affections of my
child, I had no conception there beat in
your bosom so sanguinary a heart. Yet,
practise on her as you please, she will re-
turn, I trust to her duty, and have done
with her deceiver.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT

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LETTER IX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

HA V E a care, sir. You are going over perillous ground. Do not, as a partizan, extinguish what I feel for you as the Parent of Emma. I obey so much of your injunction as is possible; and desire this may be the last of our letters. Yet I cannot finish without a few more sentiments. The chances of war, Mr. Corbett, offer no security from the plunder of the enemy. My safe return to these shores is uncertain. I may become a prisoner: or I may fall. That part of your correspondence, therefore, which relates to a political subject, will be best in your own possession. You will find it inclosed. No accident can tear the deposit from my breast, but I dare not trust a less faithful asylum. That Heaven may bless you, and make us once more friends, is the fervent prayer of your

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER X.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

YOUR generous spirit charms while it distresses me. O, Hammond! why have you thrown this new motive for relapsing tenderness in my way? Why did you not rather add fuel to flame, and strengthen my displeasure? Cruel Henry! Why will you not accept my friendship upon conditions so humane? It is not even yet too late. You still have it in your power to unite real happiness with true honour. Labour, I conjure you, to bless me and yourself. I pant to embrace you, to give you the paternal benediction, and give you, *with it*, my only child.

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER XI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

IT is not possible to be done in the way you propose; though there is none other that I would not eagerly attempt. Yet, to leave my Emma's father alienated, is to go with a dagger in my bosom. O! it will
be

EMMA CORBETT. 13

be sufficiently painful, without the aid of such aggravation. Let me implore you, Sir, to point out some *other* means of reconciliation. Think, O think!

HENRY HAMMOND.

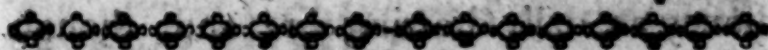


LETTER XII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

IT will not *admit* a thought: nor are there *any* other means within reach. There is, there can, there *shall* be none.

C. CORBETT.



LETTER XIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THEN let me beg of you to drop the subject, and to believe, in this farewell sentence, that there is not a blessing in human life which is not sincerely wished you, by

H. HAMMOND.

C LETTER.

LETTER XIV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

YOUR ship will not be ready, then, to bear you into the paths of danger, for some days. How uniformly amiable is your solicitude—dearest and best of friends—and how kind your attention to every circumstance that has the least tendency to affect my ease and my welfare! I reflect upon your generous kindness with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name: but, thank Heaven, I find my nature sufficiently susceptible, and my heart sufficiently enlarged, to answer the demands which your tenderness and constancy are daily drawing for; and, though it be a proud boast, I will venture to say, that, in sentiment and friendship, in good will and good wishes, I can never die your debtor. Yet this little delay, my dear Henry!—into what an exultation of spirit did it not throw us? Last night, my beloved friend—oh, last night! the hours betwixt six and ten!—have you any idea of a period that could be rated in comparison with them? What a space! It was all spirit and all soul. Every inferior sense was annihilated, and the registering angel, if such there be, can hardly have marked

marked a passage, more soft, more affectionate, more beautiful, or more pure. During the whole course of that precious interview, alike elegant and ardent were the expressions of our lips, the flutterings of our bosoms, and the feelings of our hearts—not a look, not a word, not a whisper, not a moment, but memory shall hoard with dearest care, and dwell upon with increasing satisfaction: Virtue shall be summoned to open her immortal page, and transcribe the correct pleasures of last night amongst the whitest transactions of humanity. O! 'twas a lovely, melancholy period, that the heart will dwell upon with tenderest affection, while it remains accessible to any soft impression. After you left me, my friend, I continued still in converse with you, or personally in vision pure, or by the assistance of this little instrument, as fancy took the lead. The bright scenes that were then painted—with all their vivid images around me—how, how shall I describe them? Ah, Henry! the closer I look into your heart—the deeper and the more deliberately I examine and analyze its properties, the more I admire and applaud. Oh, my friend! my most congenial and most amiable friend, could I speak or write of the spotless hours which we have passed together, with half the heart-felt satisfaction

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that I think of them—my language would be indeed eloquent:—it would emulate your own.

“Ye Prudes in Virtue say,

“Say, ye severest,”

do I confess too much? ah that I knew words sufficiently ardent to say more! I am unequal to the task. It is pride and gratitude, sensibility and softness. Such are my fixed and solemn sentiments, not spoken at hazard, but grounded on the most perfect experience. The propriety of my choice has been confirmed, “Proofs have assisted Proofs, and still the last is “the strongest.”

Doubt not but I have read the sentiments which meant to reconcile me to your departure, again and again, as tenderly as attentively. I have, indeed, perused and re-perused them till the characters are almost washed away; I only mean, from the paper. The impressions remain *uninjured* elsewhere. O Hammond, Hammond, how the soft emotions agitate the heart at the command of your affecting pen! As I read your pages of this morning, distress and joy, complaint and resignation, the tear of anguish and the smile of hope, all struggled together. In every pulse I felt the force of your tender eloquence. It had power to smooth the rugged

ged front of war, and I represented you returning victorious from the battle. Every varying sensation took its turn to reign: at one moment I was soothed, at another chilled. What feeling of the soul did not alternately assert its dominion? I was disturbed, quieted, agonized, and made supremely happy. Yet, O my friend, it requires an inspiration, even brighter than your own, to disguise the tempest which is gathering around me, and to render me insensible. I am not prone to make any event in life a source of unnecessary misery. On the contrary, I have a strong constitutional propensity to content, and a kind of resisting quality in my nature, which disposes me to ward off all imaginary evil. But the departure of Henry is *not* an imaginary evil. It is a blow, which, however suspended, cannot fail most deeply to affect whenever it falls; and fall it must, within the compass of—what? a few days—ah, my God! spare, spare me;—the tribute of my tenderness is streaming on my paper. My hand trembles in obedience to the terrors of my heart, and I drop the pen.

EMMA.

IN CONTINUATION.

I must add to this letter a few after observations, which a re-perusal of it has given

en birth to. In the closing passages, perhaps it may appear that I have said too much. I am never quite satisfied with my expressions; afraid, from motives of the most delicate consideration, lest I should say too little or too much. I often repress what rises to my lip, and look cautiously, with the mind's eye, at every fond emotion before I dare venture to give it the stamp of language. But you are going from me. Ah! go not with one sentiment against your Emma. If, in compliance with the decent usage of the world, or the prejudice of a worthy father, or my particular sense of that precise decorum, which it becomes every unmarried woman to adopt: If, Henry, I have hence, at any time, been withheld from more cordial declarations—declarations which you might well expect in return for yours, so ardent and so elegant—*allow* for me, allow for my sex, allow for my situation. Consider that I am a woman and a daughter, as well as the choice of Henry. *That* honour, which is so dear to us both, hath a claim to various duties. My nature keeps such a jealous eye upon my conduct, that an instinctive something, like the internal disapprobation of a wrong measure, has often silenced the tenderest terms, lest I should pass that sacred barrier, which constitutes the chief delicacy in the character
of

of a single woman. Perhaps, I have carried this scruple to an extreme; but I could no more help it than I can prevent the tear from starting to my eye so often as I turn my thoughts towards a separation. You have sometimes looked as if you blamed me: but my error is, at worst, a little exuberance, springing from a fair stem, and produced in a good soil; nor will my dear Henry think ill of me for indulging it. Acquit me then, oh! acquit me of all contemptible finesse, and do not believe that I can be one moment insensible, unmindful, or ungrateful.

Your last letters, my friend, shall be preserved as reliques of virtue, victorious over every selfish principle; and, whenever I sicken at the folly and depravity of mankind, I will turn to those precious pages, *there* feast upon the hidden treasures of a tender heart, forget the silly pageants that form society, and, for thy dear sake, be reconciled to the species. Again, adieu!

EMMA.



LETTER XIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT,

THE delightful letter of my charming Emma is lying in my bosom, as I take
up

up the pen to reply. It came to hand at my poor Louisa's—at the house of my languishing and lovely sister; she told me she expected you. I pass'd an hour of pleasing attendance, after which it became painful—ah, *how* painful!—You did not come. Why was this? Yet it matters not. It was not *possible*, or it was not *fit*. The *fit* and the *possible*, you know, are the principles which govern our affection. I wanted heroism, nevertheless, to support the suspense with decent composure. Louisa said to me, with a tear assisting the eloquence of her expression,—“*What*, brother, hath not the long tenor of a sister's wretchedness and disappointment—disappointment which is to last for *ever*, taught you to bear the loss of a *single* interview?” I felt the force of the appeal, but continued to be uneasy. My sister withdrew, and my anxiety increased. By way of mitigation, I took up a pen which lay before me, and marked with it my emotions. I marked them, my Emma, in numbers, “for the numbers came.” Let them be acceptable. Let the sincerity in the sentiment atone for any defect in the poetry. Send me word that you are composed, and let me meet you, as chearful as you ought to be, in the morning. Louisa will look for you by ten o'clock. Poor Louisa?—ah, that Edward had not fallen!—Ah, that the brother of
Emma

Emma was yet alive!—that he saw the injuries done to this unhappy country with my eyes, and that, as much inspired by Louisa as I by Emma, he was now making loyal preparation to fight the battle of Britain by the side of

HENRY HAMMOND.



Verses written by Mr. HAMMOND, in the moments of waiting an interview with EMMA.

TENDER tremors touch the bosom,
As the gentle hour moves by;
Expectation, almost weeping,
Tip-toe stands in either eye.

II.

Ah! what precious perturbations
Haunt the fancy of a friend;
Half an hour, of watchful waiting,
Seems a period without end.

III.

When the clouds hang dark and heavy,
Disappointment o'er me low'rs;
But as fairer fleeces favour,
Hope bestows her promi'd flow'rs.

IV.

Soon again soft fears assail me,
Since the visit is delay'd;
Then—ah then—'tis apprehension,
Of a thousand things afraid.

V.

Haply sickness may detain her—
Thus imagination cries:
Haply pain, or haply peril—
Then this bosom bleeding lies.

VI. Ev'ry

VI.

Ev'ry step that strikes the pavement,
 Ev'ry summons at the door;
 Ev'ry sound of passing coaches,
 Warm and chill these pulses more.

VII.

Now I dread th' excusing message,
 Now I dread some dire disease;
 Too much wind, or too much sunshine,
 Robs alike this breast of ease.

VIII.

Heav'n must make a morn on *purpose*,
 To compass the gentle heart;
 Zephyrs bland must fan the season,
 Airs their softest balms impart.

IX.

Not a breath too *much* or *little*,
 Not too hot or cold a ray,
 Must impede the expectation,
 When 'tis Emma's *meeting day*.

X.

Yet perchance, these lovely flutt'ring
 Beauteous fears, and kind distress,
 Do but serve the more to heighten
 Tender Henry's happiness.

XI.

When the fair *indeed* approaches
 Every rosy terror's o'er;
 After little scatter'd cloudings,
 Sunbeams only blest us more.

(*Stanzas added when Mr. HAMMOND was about to depart.*)

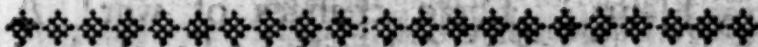
XII.

Thus the flow'r, which blows at morning,
 Opens more and more till noon:
 Then, as chilling eve comes onward,
 Ev'ry colour seems to swoon.

XIII. But

XIII.

But perhaps, *to-morrow's* radiance
May rise *lovelier* from the rain,
And the bloom which erst did languish
Shall revive to bloom again.



LETTER XV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

W HATEVER is elegant, beautiful, or amiable, in that fair blossom, the human understanding, under the highest culture, is expressed in the correspondence of my dear Henry; especially in the precious favour that was inclosed in his last billet, dated from the apartment of Louisa. Ah, that Emma were an all-accomplished judge, whose plaudits might reflect all the honour which my hero deserves to receive! This being impossible, let it suffice, that you have, in these tender effusions, furnished your Emma with new proofs of tenderness, though none were necessary to compleat the measures of either sentiment in my bosom. Yet such charming repetitions and innovations can never be unwelcome; nor will Hammond refuse or overlook this unassuming tribute—this humble and acknowledging page, which simple nature and affection offers.

It

It is not the full foliage of the laurel, but it is the little unobtrusive leaf of gratitude and love.

Yet must I not, and ought I not, to tremble while I praise? O, this America, my Henry? These chances of war! A theatre of mischief already fatal to the lover of Louisa—I faint under the thought! The time steals on, even while I am talking of its lapse. Your virtues all known—all tried—all pressing on the eye, and twining round the heart. It is terrible—it is too much! In mercy be less kind—less amiable—less engaging. Oh, if you draw the chain thus close—thus near; if you bind the lovely fetter thus hard—till every comfort and every joy *depends* on the near and exquisite contact; if you contrive thus to annihilate every object but yourself—to create a void in nature—or fill it in my idea only by your existence—and that existence is to be exposed to hourly peril—what is to become of me? Or when cruel necessity shall tear you from me, which she is preparing to do, how am I to support it? Fancy sickens to reflect upon the vast and formidable distance that is so soon to divide us. To separate for such a purpose too! How few hopes—how few consolations! Correspondence will be delayed—interrupted—interdicted. The soft and sweet solace flowing from pen to pen

pen will henceforth lie at the mercy of winds and waves. Our sentiments will depend upon the terrifying circumstances of war. We shall no longer breathe the same air, repose in the same island—walk under the same hemisphere; but separation—uncertainty, and wretchedness, must ensue.

O dire and deadly spirit of contention—patron of carnage, and encourager of bloodshed! O thou, who ragest most unnaturally in the human bosom, (where all the graces and the affections should inhabit) and settest man against man—Thou who hast swept a brother untimely to the grave, and left a father, a sister, and a lover, to mourn his fate—Thou whose spear seems now trembling over my panting heart, which bleeds at the dangers of the youth whom I adore—Oh, mischievous WAR! armed at all points against the happiness and humanity of the species—how various and how dreadful are thy horrors!

I cannot bear it, Henry!

Yet let me think a little.—Are you not resolved—what then am I doing? labouring to unman you? Ah! forgive my inconstancy—I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. No words, no pen, not even your *own*, my best friend, all-eloquent,

D

all

26 EMMA CORBETT.

all Promethean as it is, can paint the effusions of nature as they burst from me at this affecting moment. Consider the fate of Edward, and think of what may be your own: consider the sorrows of Louisa, and think on what may soon be those of Emma. Yet what have I said?—am I not satisfied with the most affectionate and invariable solicitude, but I must interfere with a mode of conduct, which you assure me, is a duty not to be laid aside without dishonour? Alas! Henry, I am reduced by this cruel commission of yours, to a very bitter exigence, which neither permits me to censure or approve. I dare not write any more, for I feel the tide of overwhelming softness pouring on me. Perhaps I might advise you, at this tender crisis to——

No. I will not *trust* myself with the pen. It would sully me in your *esteem*, should I longer hold it. O Henry, Henry, pardon and pity me. Preserve *me* by preserving *yourself*. Give not to glory *more* than is her due, but make some *little* reserves for the trembling

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

ALAS! what is to be done with this bleeding tenderness of yours? for heaven's sake, temper your sensibility with a little discretion, my beloved Emma. Your elegant and affecting pages penetrate me to the soul. The tears of anguish mingle with those of admiration as I read them. Yet let me implore you to strengthen *your* mind a little, lest you wholly debilitate *mine*. Let not your Henry disgrace the cause he is to defend, nor sully the profession he has chosen. Dear unhappy friend, make one great and generous effort to support your drooping spirits, to sustain your wasting frame, and to preserve a life so valuable to *me*, that the same stroke——

I cannot pursue the subject——Rouse, rouse yourself, my Emma.—For my sake, let all your fortitude be exerted: we are both young;—there is the same protecting Providence by water as by land; in the fields of war, as on the plains of peace. The *future* is a wide space, and may con-

tain within its circle a thousand blessings. Struggle then against the storm bravely. Your inferences are too gloomy: various opportunities will offer, doubt not, to speed our generous intercourse. The wide world of sentiment and sensation still opens upon us. By aid of this little friendly instrument, we may range through those paths which ocean seems to separate. However remote, you should still learn to think it a superior blessing, that, in some part of animated nature, there still exists the counterpart of Emma—congenial as dear—one, whom no circumstance can change, but who must ever remain true to every touch of joy, and every trembling of woe. Look, Emma, at the paltry passions, and vulgar gratifications of common life—of common lovers. Look attentively at these, and then examine your own heart—examine mine. Consider the pure nature of the affection that unites them.—Does not the superiority of our attachment make you generously proud? O, Emma! you ought not to be wretched. We have both reason to be content.

Does Emma still weep? Let her rather gratefully acknowledge, that though this pure source of sacred amity is occasionally embittered, as is, more or less, *every* affection of the virtuous heart—there are moments in which happiness breaks forth
with

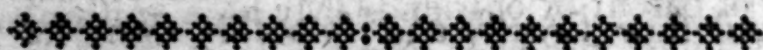
with a lustre that makes amends for every intervening vexation. Such was the period, when I wrote those hasty lines which you have honoured with most dear praise. In striking the balance then, let us not complain, my friend; but, when fretting at disappointment, or drooping under the languors of distress, let us support ourselves with the assurance, that the rich current will return after all obstructions, and flow sweetly and smoothly along its proper channels. Its source, my dear Emma, can never be exhausted. It is as the chrystal fountain of living water, which streams for ever, and suffers no impurity to remain upon its surface.

Ah! what is there so likely to melt the spirit of a soldier into cowardice, as the tears of Emma? She will not then give way to the tender torrent. She will court the balmy blessings of ease and hope. She will check these convulsive transports of distress, so destructive to my honour, and her own health. She will buffet the wild waves of adversity, nor thus suffer them to overwhelm her. Consider of these things, O my beloved Emma! Come then, my friend, be still yourself; repose with perfect confidence upon that faithful pillow which my affection prepares for you; seek to amuse and to solace; cease to murmur and repine.

30 EMMA CORBETT.

Do these things, and all your generous wishes shall be rewarded—Do these things, and all shall be well. Peace shall revisit your gentle bosom, and spread her whitest plumes about your pillow.

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER XVII.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

I CAN make no terms with this rash brother of yours. He is predetermined. Try *your* influence, for the sake of Emma—the sake of your murdered Edward—for your *own* sake, and for that of him who *would* have been your father, and who is *still* your most affectionate friend,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

WHEREFORE, in the closing scene of my life, do you thus agonize me? Is that consistent with the characters of parent or of friend? My brother strongly imagines he is going into the paths of duty.—The hapless Edward, though he trod on the opposite side, imagined, alas! the same. If the intercession of Emma fails, what can Louisa do? I, *every way* want power. I want every thing but *resignation* to the sovereign will of Heaven, to which I have brought myself.—Do not rob me of it, by reviving images which I have neither body or mind to bear—but leave me, Mr. Corbett, I beseech you, leave me, to the force of my religious principles, without awaking the passions I have lulled. On the day that my brother fails, I shall set out from this hurrying town, for my eternal retirement.

Farewell.

LOUISA HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

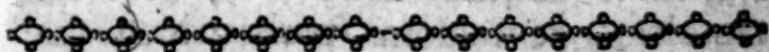
TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

HOW sweetly, how elegantly, you reprove me, Hammond! and how grateful, how pleasing, are the tears that I have shed over the pages before me! I blush to think how far you surpass me, Henry! Hope seldom spreads her day-dreams over *me* in those instances where her sweet delusions would be the most acceptable. But *you* have *inspired* me—Poor, pathetic Louisa, what would *she* give to have Edward, even in the situation of Henry! Avaunt then, impious despair! I am easier. I am better. Infinitely easier—infinately better. I give you my word and honour that I am. Yet the *dreaded* day is always obtruding—it appears like some malignant spirit, crossing me at every turn—at every step. How perverse is human nature, which disposes us to reject the joy in possession, and anticipate sorrows which may never come! O for the beautiful hour of your return, my friend! It *will* arrive Henry, will it not? and, in the mean time, your sympathizing tenderness shall be salutary—indeed it shall. It *is*.

Melt

Melt you into *cowardice*, did you say? Heaven forbid! Eyes, instantly be dry—your tears will prove a heresy to the object of my heart. O Henry, you have touched me nearly. The consideration—the single consideration of your *Honour* shall reconcile me to a separation. Go then—pursue the ways of glory,—and Oh, may they lead, speedily, to peace and

EMMA.



LETTER XX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

NOW then, my ever dear Emma, summon to your aid, all your confidence, and all your courage. The separating moment comes on. The sailing orders are received. It is the voice of my country that calls upon me—calls in the hour of extremity. She summons her sons to arm in her defence. Shall I not hear—shall I not obey her? Yes. I have the sanction of my friend—I go under the auspices of Emma. Her approbation is the animating trumpet—Her virtue arrays me for the battle. Methinks I now behold

behold the lovely Emma, beaming inspiration through beauty, standing before me. Away, (she cries) *away*, Henry: I yield to the graceful sacrifice. I lend you to my King: I trust you to Britain—I give you in charge to that Providence, on whose equity we shall ultimately have claim: I submit. Go then, my Henry—farewell.—Go—

As the vessels pass and repass, my Emma, we will faithfully interchange the affectionate enquiries: we will, with dear tautology, repeat the vows which shall one day be solemnized. But the parting adieus must this night be paid. Let me breathe them into your bosom, O best of women, at the house of the lovely sister of my soul. I will write no more. Let the silent tears of Louisa be as a check upon our complaints. If patience can comfort *her* in the hours of *despair*, surely pleasure might smile upon *us* in the moments of *hope*! Consider the nature of the exigence that appeals to my firmness, and do not take from me that force—that ardour—that intrepidity—which are publicly due, in times like these, to *your* country and to *mine*. Adieu.

H. HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

IT may not be, my brother. I cannot see you in the last hours of your stay in England: I love you too dearly to support it. It is not even now, without pain, I hold the pen. My tenderness is too strong, and my constitution too weak, to bear such an interview—to bear the tears of Emma, the embraces of my brother, and my own distress. Excuse me, therefore. It is true affection that persuades me to retire. I will not unman you, nor add to the weight of Emma's sympathy. I will take my head from this weary pillow, and set out for my cottage before you come. This illegible scrawl shall be delivered by the servant whom I will leave to attend you. My wishes for you need not be repeated. You do not want to be told how much I love you. Yet I have one little request, nor will you refuse it to poor Louisa.

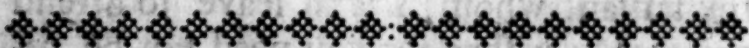
You are going to the spot where the dearest and loveliest of men—suffer me to call him so, and do not oppose the voice of party to the language of nature—lies murdered,

murdered, or if you like the term better—lies honourably slain.

His memory is precious to me, Henry—his *ashes* cannot be indifferent. O! if you could but find the ground where he fell—if you could but assure me that his sacred reliques—if you could but breathe over them one pious tear, and one tender sigh—for Louisa's sake. But it is impossible—I feel my weakness, and perhaps, I shall infect you with it.

Yet, as your bosom is at this time full of love, it is fitted for generous actions. Should, therefore, kind fortune have allowed, amidst the tumults of war, one little commemorating hillock of earth to the remains of Edward—O! forget not to visit it—forget not to guard it from further violence—forget not it is consecrated by a deluge of tears from a sister's eyes; by friendship and by love. Adieu.

LOUISA HAMMOND.



LETTER XXII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

THE appointment is made, and I shall, by a lucky arrangement, be able to pass with you some hours of elegant distress.

trefs. Alas! my friend, my dear Henry,
 nature will insist upon her tribute, and I
 cannot—indeed I cannot—refuse to pay
 it. Yet you charm down the genius of
 grief by strong language; and I love you,
 I hope, too much to dishonour you. A-
 bout the rights of conquest I know no-
 thing—I only know, that as I lost a bro-
 ther on *one* side of this bloody question,
 so, it is probable, I may lose even *more*
 than a brother on the *other*; and yet, both
 persuaded me they were in the way of
 their duty. Alas! how shall reason draw
 her line on such occasions? Must not rea-
 son be dumb, and humanity mourn? But
 I have done. Women are *surrounded* by
 calamities; and nothing is left them but
 to bow, in submission to their woe. I am
 indisposed, and beg you would allow me
 as much of this—Oh, how shall I write it
 —*last* evening as you can.

EMMA.

LETTER XXIII.

EMMA TO HER FATHER.*

YOU have found then, it seems, Louisa's billet, making the offer of her house this evening to Emma and to Henry. By what chance the note dropt I am ignorant. The hand of agitation is not, indeed, steady; nor can the agonized heart guard against common chances. I am not sorry that the paper, by whatever means, has got into *your* possession, oh, my dear father! It takes some part of the load from my bosom; for I am hurt to appear plotting that, which will so thoroughly bear explanation. You desire Mr. Hammond to visit me no more. He obeys. You request that I would, without enquiring into reasons, forbear to speak of him to you. I am obedient. You desire that my utmost interest might be tried, to keep him from America. O, you can conjecture how *readily*, and, as you know Henry's darling passion, you may guess how *vainly*, I undertook this. The double pleasure of obliging you, my father, and of gratifying my own fond heart, pre-

* Written in her Chamber, previous to the Interview.

vailed with me to urge this point, till I had well nigh turned his affection to disgust. You bid me cease to love, and with the utmost ingenuoufness I tell you it is impossible—Impossible, my dear father, because repugnant to every principle by which all the actions of my life have been governed.

My regard—O! that is too cold a word—my *love*, for Henry, is not, you know, the start of a moment, the romantic fally of a warm temper, nor the effect of that silly admiration, which pays down the tribute of folly to the charms of a red coat. I secretly grieve that the profession of arms should have been chosen: I have shed too many tears to the memory of my *brother*, to be in love with regimentals: but my tenderness was antecedent to all these misfortunes; nor will it be in the power of any misfortune to diminish what your judgment, and the eloquence of my own heart, have so long approved. Your present avowed displeasure against Mr. Hammond is sudden; but settled affection cannot readily accommodate itself to such revolutions. What is rooted in nature cannot, without much labour, be eradicated by art. As it displeases you, sir, I am concerned at this. But shall I deceive, in order to make my peace? Shall I be *unnatural*, in order to be *filial*? Shall I pro-

E 2 pensely,

penfely, fet one great duty againft another, and fo deftroy the excellence of both? No. You would hate me for it, and I fould hate myfelf. That I am, in this bitter period, when I am about to lofe what you yourfelf fo lately thought moft precious, able to write with fo much argumentative compofure, is, alas! no fign of my indifference, but an inftance—perhaps the ftrongeft that could be given—of that fteady attachment, which, born of honour, is nourifhed by virtue. To be *attached*, is the dictate of nature. To be attached to a man of *fenfe* and *morals*, is the dictate of delicacy; and the fymptom, I conceive, of a good difpofition.—Such, my moft honoured father, were the elementary rules I caught from you. Would you controvert your own maxims? Or, while the merit of the object increafes, is it a fit time to withdraw from it the love, which nature and common fenfe feem to fay fould increafe in proportion?

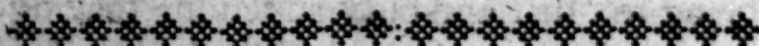
But you depend, I find, on the lenitives of abfence, and the oblivions of time. I will not anfwer for the vigour of my own mind, for I know the frailty of our nature. If it is foothing to my father to count upon what thefe things *may* do, let me not deftroy his fource of expectation. I am not, thanks to *his* correcter culture, enough the giddy girl to burft forth into afleverations of

of *constancy everlasting*, merely to vex a parent by *setting my heart* against his wishes: I would desire rather to distrust my own temper; and, laying my affections open to his view, beg him to form his judgment upon a survey of them. But I dare not mislead one who hath so entire a right to be treated frankly. I make no vows; yet, in proportion as an attachment is deliberate, is it not stationary? and this being my first and only affection, (having besides a man of unblemished character and congenial manners for its object) have I not a right strongly to suspect——but enjoy the opinion you so strongly adopt. Bless you, my father, for the gentleness of your inhibitions. You do not threaten——You do not rave. These might have augmented my distress, but could not have abated my affection. A circumstance of which parents seem so unconscious; they destroy the effect of authority by the vehemence with which they exert it. They confuse, but do not convince; terrify, but do not conciliate; and almost justify disobedience, by their manner of enforcing duty.

Oh heaven! the clock is striking—the hour is come—the minute—the moment, is approaching. I will ring for a servant to take this into the parlour. My feet will scarcely carry me down stairs.

An ingenuous nature appeals to you for pity, sir—will you refuse? Oh, my father, my father, my spirits have done their utmost, ere the trial is begun. Suffer me to be unhappy.—Prepare for me—oh! prepare for me the parental hand against my return, and do not let *my* tenderness abate *yours*. Adieu.

EMMA.



LETTER XXIV.

HENRY TO EMMA.*

TEN minutes, while the chaise is getting ready, are mine: they shall be devoted to Emma. Check, I once more conjure you, the extreme of sensibility; a few silent tears, a few gentle sighs, and the luxury of a soft and tender sorrow, I wish not to restrain—but such another conflict as that of last night—

And yet I feel the absurdity of my own argument—Fasten not, however, on any desponding images. We *shall* meet again; and in happier days—The sweets of social and family intercourse shall yet be our's;

* After the Interview.

and

and in the dear bosom of domestic peace, we shall enjoy, without constraint, contrivance, or disguise, all the benefits of so delicate and well directed an attachment.—Trust me, we shall.

Ah my Emma, you owe yourself and me these reasonable encouragements, and I implore you to bestow them. If EMMA be not armed with fortitude, how can HENRY expect to conquer? It is too mighty a calamity to feel for her, and for himself.

The moment of departure is come. I am called. Adieu—dearest and most amiable of friends—adieu!

Ha! yonder is your servant—He is running towards me—He is here—A packet! Precious fellow-traveller! I receive it just before I step into the carriage. I hurry to press a wafer on this flying billet. Heaven guard and give you its choicest blessings. Farewell—ten thousand times farewell.

HENRY HAMMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

YET, yet a few words, my loved friend, and then—what then? O, adieu for a tedious space—for days, weeks, months, years—perhaps for ever!

Ah, my poor heart!

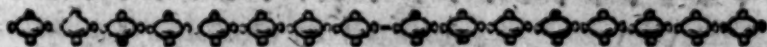
Yet it is not so: this is the language of drooping nature, in her most desolate moment. It is our persons only that shall be separated, our souls shall be drawn perpetually together in converse sweet, communion high—pure as precious—delicate as delightful. What, alas! is space—what is distance? Our hearts shall know no disunion—I will not, I *do* not despair.

Henry! I am less wretched than I was last night; and though full fraught with tender sorrow—though my tears are flowing till they obscure my sight—you may see their traces on the paper—I will have faith in your prophecy.

What a day for your journey! it is emblematic of our affection: inclined to sunshine and to shower, to smiles and tears alternately. Be tender of yourself
for

for *my* sake. Guard against cold from the poignant severity of the night air. The dangers to which you will *professionally* be exposed are, alas! sufficient; oh, do not add to them by neglect. Farewell. I will think of you very tenderly, and pray for you very fervently. Heaven bless, sustain, and comfort you. How my hand lingers—but time grows short, and unless I make one violent effort, the period of getting this to your hand may escape.—Therefore, in one decisive and affecting word——Farewell.

EMMA.



LETTER XXVI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

My dear Baronet,

I HAVE not yet had one glimpse of opportunity to mention those proposals to my daughter, which are so acceptable to me. I can only tell you, the young man is gone. To deal plainly with you, she is much attached; but when you have cultivated her acquaintance,—I hope she will be judicious enough to make distinctions. Follow your design of making my

my house yours, till you go into the country, and then many occasions will present themselves of discovering that merit which I am sure the generous Emma will not be able to resist. I am resolved against Hammond, so that you need not fear a jarring interest. A girl and boy inclination is fugitive. Sir Robert Raymond will inspire, I trust, a superior passion on a superior principle. Come to us immediately, and join in our parties.

Ever yours,

CHARLES CORBETT,



LETTER XXVII.

TO EMMA CORBETT,

I FLOAT on the bosom of the ocean while I write this: but, as if in courtesy, the wind is changed, or rather it ceases to blow sufficiently, and in this harbour we are to ride till it rises. You well know, in what manner I shall employ the interval; it shall be dedicated to softness and to Emma. I have perused your dear parting legacy—no, not legacy, that is too funereal a word—your parting pledge:—Yes, I have perused it, and, soldier as I am,

am, do not blush to tell you that I have wept over its contents. I prest it with fervent and chaste ardour to my lips and to my bosom—I laid it soft and close upon the panting heart, and am relieved—as much so, my Emma, as I ought to be, or as is consistent with human nature at this crisis. Oh, my dear friend, it is indeed a pathetic period. I now feel that I had set myself too hard a task. I pretended to rally it off as a military manœuvre; but I find “he jests at scars that never felt a wound.” Nature revolted, and I have suffered more from not giving her fair play. The anguish of my mind——

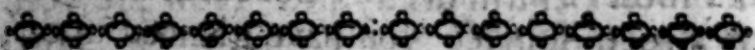
[There is no brother officer at my elbow, and I may safely whisper forth my lovely weakness to Emma.]

——The anguish of my mind bore down all before it; and now the matter is over, I will confess, that the last hour I pass’d in your company, my friend, was the most painful of my life. How are you at this moment, my Emma? O, how many questions have I omitted—how many have I yet to ask? O, for another hour! At the end of the first stage I was strongly inclined to order the postillion to drive back. I had recollected much, and that methought, of moment too, to say—but I found it was only lingering nature, reluctant to let go its object, and would have

have amounted to nothing more than tender repetition. It would but have enfeebled both, and deepened in each bosom the poignancy of sorrow. Again, my dear Emma, farewell. May Heaven bring us once more within reach of each other.—*You* such as I wish *you*. *Me* such as you would have me. I shall now seek the bed, or rather the hammock; it is somewhat awkward to me. The sea is not, you know, a soldier's element, and it will take a little time ere I can fit myself to the fatigues of it.

HENRY HAMMOND.

P. S. O, be very tender to my beloved Louisa. Supply a brother's absence; nurse her declining health; draw, as if by stealth, the softest images over the solemn sadness of her soul; and let not so much beauty, elegance, and virtue, drop untimely into the grave.



L E T T E R XXVIII.

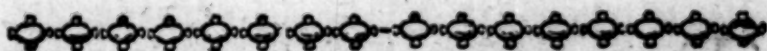
TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

TH E winds stir not; there is not a breath of air moving in the atmosphere. Under favour of this idea I am writing a
hasty

EMMA CORBETT. 49

hasty line, just to wrap up with the inclosed, which *my heart* recollected since your departure: let it lie, O my beloved Henry, upon *yours*; and may it have all the tender power which I wish to give it. Ah that I could crowd into a few words, every thing sweet and comfortable; to supply the defect of this brevity, and to soften the ills and misfortunes which poor humanity is doomed to bear.

EMMA



LETTER XXIX.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

O HOW tenderly you have spoken to a brother's feelings, my beautiful sister! It is a nice subject you have glanced upon; but what is there in your Henry's power that he will not seek to do for Louisa? Yet it was hard to withdraw your hand from me—I missed the pressure, even while Emma was weeping on my bosom; and I had much, very much for your private ear, which I would have contrived to impart. Preserve the inclosed papers, which in case of accident you will unseal,
F and

and act in conformity to their contents.
They are the last desires of your affectionate brother,

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER XXX.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

THE wind is still insufficient, and the little which stirs is adverse, which has given me an opportunity to receive the only part of your person that could consistently, attend me on the ocean. Do you know that this dear locket has made me poetical? You must allow for verses written upon the waves. Yet I hate apology. They have soothed a pensive hour for me, and may do the same for you.

That they *may* answer this good purpose, is the fondest desire of

HENRY HAMMOND.

Address

Address to a LOCKET with a braid of EMMA'S Hair.

I.

COME, thou soft and sacred favour,
The remembrance chaste impart;
Take thy station on my bosom,
Lightly lodging near the heart.

II.

While that tender thing shall flutter,
Thou the secret cause shalt know;
Whether pleasure or disaster,
Thou wilt see what stirs it so.

III.

When the hope of happy tidings,
Shall the sweet sensations move;
When the white and winged agents,
Whisper friendship, whisper love;

IV.

Then, all sympathetic, thrilling,
Thou the rosy stream shalt guide;
While, as runs the ruddy treasure,
Thou'rt the *Genius* of the tide.

V.

Haply when this heart is sinking,
Thou shalt soothe the rising sigh,
When with woe surcharg'd, 'tis heaving,
Thou wilt see the reason why.

VI.

Ev'ry curious eye escaping,
Here securely shalt thou rest;
Tho' the universe were searching,
Thine the secrets of my breast.

VII.

Come then, dear and decent favour,
Learn what thou wilt ne'er impart;
Fix thy throne, and fix it ever,
On the regions of my heart.

F 2

VIII. O'er

VIII.

O'er those delicate dominions,
 Cast a Monarch's carefull view,
 Render every subject passion,
 Worthy me, and worthy you.

IX.

Let not realms so rich, so tender,
 Suffer rebel *weeds* to grow,
 But the flowers—ah! do not crush them,
 In sweet vision let them blow.

X.

Gentlest sighs shall serve for breezes,
 Softly aid them, auburn friend;
 Silent tears, like dews descending,
 Shall the lovely growth attend.

XI.

Thou shalt watch them night and morning,
 Thou shalt see the nurselings rise:
 Thou, with me, shall tremble for them;
 Thou, with me, invoke the skies.

XII.

If at length, alas, they wither,
 If they sicken, if they die,
 In one grave—oh, dear companion!
 Still embosom'd will we lie.



L E T T E R XXXI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

TH E prospect, Corbett, is not clear,
 I find; but something impels me to try
 whether it may not be improved. I sus-
 pect, however that a youth of twenty-five
 in

in scarlet will leave an impression scarce to be erased by a middle-aged man in a suit of snuff-colour, with slash sleeves, after the manner of our ancestors: and it is too late now, Charles, to throw off a custom that has hung on my back for more than twenty years. Yet I will come; for I *want* the stability of domestic comfort after all my migrations.

Your daughter strikes me as the very woman, and has, in my eye, no other fault than that of being too *young*, which I quarrel with chiefly because I strongly suspect she will think me too *old*. No matter, I will put the best foot forward, and be with you in a day or two. Mean time, I will get me a new wig; and, to shew you how much I am in earnest, will try to deceive your Emma as much as conveniently may be, by ordering it to be made so as to resemble a responsible head of hair; for I find since I came *home* from India, there is nothing in a young Lady's eyes so ridiculous as a wig. And when I *left* my native land, a flowing peruke was a Cupid in full dress. *O tempora!* But we will see what can be done.

Dear friend, I am yours, and remember I *have* been so twenty-eight years.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER XXXII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

WHAT a return have you made for the trifle I sent you, O, most dear and ingenious friend! ever directing the current of that rich stream (which knows no diminution, but scatters fertility and fragrance as it flows) to comfort, to amuse, or to instruct me. How I rejoice, that the bagatelle pleased you. It was my first intention to have the hair disposed into an ornament for the shirt, but I considered the nature of that delicate sentiment you feel for Emma. I reflected that it was *retired*, that it shunned every thing obtrusive, that it could ill brook the idle, and perhaps, the wanton curiosity of those cockaded heroes, who imagine tenderness incompatible with bravery. On these accounts, therefore, I chose to suit my locket to *that* situation only in which your delicate partiality would be most likely to place it.

Round your neck, my dear Henry, let it ever hang, impervious to every eye but that of the proprietor—A sacred talisman may it prove—a soft shield thrown over your bosom by the trembling hand of a friend! O, that I could breathe upon it
all

all the virtues that were supposed to be in possession of the most benevolent genii—that it had strength of charm sufficient to preserve you as securely from sickness, sorrow, and mischance,—from the bullet and the sword,—as I do firmly believe the sight and touch of it will arm your heart against the impression of every error, and the practice of every irregularity.

Your letter, with its fair and tuneful inclosure, found me upon my pillow, from which I hastened with a rapidity which is the spontaneous impulse of unaffected tenderness. Like a much wished for and much wanted cordial it found me in an affecting moment. I read and recovered, wept and was well. Oh, wondrous power of virtuous affection! Yes, thou admirable and honourable friend, the die is cast, your invaluable love shall be the sustaining solace of my future existence. Ah! may no jarring word or discordant thought ever rise up to disturb an amity so sacred and so pure! The fine spirit of our esteem, my Henry, shall extend its delicate influence over all the rougher passages, on a sea far more stormy than that whose bosom is now pressed by your vessel—Over every troubled moment our affection shall softly diffuse itself,

“Like the sweet breezes of the South,

“Stealing and giving odour.”

Oh,

Oh, Henry, my heart dilates as I write, and the soft drops descend in a pathetic and sweet assurance of our future felicity; but do not be uneasy that I weep,—such tears will not hurt me. They are precious drops that invigorate virtue, and freshen as they fall. Oh! those sacred hours we have passed together, in friendship, in converse, in books; no divided attention, thought saluting thought, the mutual tear, every thing, or dear or elegant, included in every moment. Carry the remembrance of such intercourse over the world of waters. Call to mind the time when our lengthened attention to the moral page, instead of relaxing, grew stronger and more fixed; when our understandings and our hearts seemed equally to refine and to expand!

Yes, Henry, I will try to adopt that gentle spirit of prophecy, which breathes so beautiful an ardour over your consolatory pages. I do not *expect* to gather the bloom of the rose, without feeling the puncture of the surrounding thorn. I gratefully take it with all its little wounding appendages—I place it in my bosom.

—I have promised not to repine: yet if a gentle murmur sometimes escapes, let me, I prythee, find indulgence for it, and do not chide me; oh, how often have I wished since your departure, to be the com-

companion of your voyage and all its consequences, however multiplied, however menacing! And after all, Henry, your situation is more tolerable than mine: the travelling friend has the advantage of those who are left, in solitude, behind. The very velocity of the motion is favourable: in passing rapidly along, the freshness of the air, and the change of objects engage and divert the mind insensibly; while the poor forlorn one, that remains fixed to the former residence, has only to mark the present period, to look in vain around for what is lost, to cast a "longing, lingering eye" upon the past, and, in the torture of reflection to confess that such things *were*, but *are* alas! no more.

It was my fortune to pass through the street where you resided, more than once since your departure. O, think with what emotions I viewed those windows which belonged to an apartment so lately yours! The sight of your *grave* could scarcely have produced any thing more affecting: and yet I feel that I shall like to pass often by them. I do not pretend to *account* for these little touches, I only simply *relate* them. Will not your feeling nature easily explain them?

And now confess, Hammond, that I have arrived at the due degree of heroism: confess, that I am sufficiently *soldier'd*;
for

for I can hold the pen, and impress the quiet-seeming sentiment, with my eyes full of tears, and my heart full of sorrow. What more can you expect from female philosophy? What more can you expect from a friend who has been used to regret the absence of an hour as a misfortune?

I shall send off this, on the slight chance of its reaching you. If it should not—what then?—what will be its fate?—I care not. Gross as is the world, were every sentiment of my soul laid open to its view, I could support the scrutiny. I still could “*boast* the graceful weakness,” if indeed it be a weakness of my heart. The *possibility* of your receiving my letter is worth the hazard of dispatching it; and as every moment is now at the caprice of the wind, I will no longer delay sealing. Adieu!

EMMA.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

YOUR dear favour, like a parting blessing, comes to hand while the breezes are rising, and the whole crew are engaged in the bustle of preparation. We have

have already weighed anchor, the sails will soon cease to flap against the mast, for I perceive the mariners are climbing the shrouds to square the canvas to the gale, which is at length favourable. All hands are aloof.—All hearts are panting with various passions.—I feel that we are in motion.—I can hear the cleaving keel cut the waves.—The wind blows fresher, as we clear the calms that brood in the harbour; and, as I turn my eye astern of the vessel, I behold the billows whiten into foam. Alas! the shore seems to go back, and we are getting into a wider sea. The watermen who have followed us thus far in their boat, on some necessary business, now tack about, and prepare again to fetch the harbour.

Brief let me be.—Many of my fellow officers are standing idle on the deck, and some are roaring catches in the cabin; while Henry Hammond is writing an adieu to one dear woman, who is the pride and pleasure of his life. I confess also, that a sigh is heaving from my heart, and a tear is running along my cheek. The officers look at me as if they suspected an infirmity. Let them. In the day of battle we shall see, whether tenderness or dissipation inspire the truer courage and magnanimity. I have a little bribed the boatmen, who are rowing laboriously after

ter

60 EMMA CORBETT.

ter us, but the last, last moment is come, and the last last adieu; the finishing farewell must be given—*farewell, then!* I leave you in full possession of my heart; I leave you to your own virtue, and to the providence of GOD.

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER XXXIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT,

MY brother and *your* friend, then is gone! how fares it with you, my dear Emma? Are the conflicting pangs of a parting so poignant somewhat subsided, the tender spirits somewhat composed, the fluttered, agitated heart more still? I ask you these questions in the bosom of my retreat. I date from my sanctuary, where my widowed heart (for *that* has been long wedded) is retired to muse upon the dead. Of the living, you, one other person, and Henry, are the only objects of my care. For your welfare and for your distress I can yet feel, and while you remain in it, the world will have something that ties me to it—the rest is Edward's.

Fifteen

Fifteen months of desperation are gone by, my friend, and five more have followed those, less clamorous, but more deep. The frenzy of my soul is succeeded by the still small sigh, and silent tear of settled sorrow. It is not now the *passion* but the *principle* of grief. Here I sit under the dark umbrage of these sepulchral boughs—ah shade most sacred! and invoke Piety to consecrate my grief.—She comes—she comes, my Emma!

—Amidst the modest shadings of the evening, I behold her celestial form descending on a moon-beam. Even now she diffuses a holy melancholy into my heart.—She fits me for the contemplations that are most dear.—She utters the name of EDWARD in tones of heavenly eloquence—she touches the tender strain—she echoes the pensive sigh in softest cadence, and increases the stream of woe with cherub drops of sympathy. The lovely enthusiasm is compleat!

It is now twilight, my Emma; the bat is taking its circles in the air, and poor Fidelio is sleeping at my feet.—I use the day's last moment to write, supporting the paper on my lap.—The owl, which shrinks from sunshine, has left his ivy, and flits by me.—The village bell is tolling.—This night departed the soul of a widow!—

G

It

It is the *passing* bell, then, that I hear!—
Oh! Heavens!

Alas, I meant to comfort you, and I shall infect you with my gloom.

—The present sombre sweets be mine.
—Adieu! I lay down the pen till I can use it to a more soothing purpose.

IN CONTINUATION.

It is particularly unlucky, Emma, for you, that I should have contracted this sequestered habit, when my soothing cares might be so particularly acceptable to my friend.—Yet, in the present situation of her heart, all attuned as it is to *gentle* emotions, I am much inclined to ask her society.

The retreat is tender; the weather is fair. Close upon my cot, Simplicity seems to have fixed her seat of “dearest residence.” She has sequestered herself in a bower of shrubs, at whose roots rambles the fertilizing rill. My shades are formed to receive and to embrace the gentle spirit of acquiescence. Reposed in the thickest foliage, the faintly form of Melancholy also is there, listening to the plaint of the stock dove, and to the soft gradations of the water-fall. Is not this an asylum for the *heart* of Emma? Even Louisa (ah, how pre-

preeminently wretched—!) finds some consolation amongst these pensive sweets of nature in her solitudes——solitudes, my friend, not to *annihilate* but *compose*, not to *extinguish* the generous flame, but to *attemper* it. Ah, come then—come to the woman who esteems you. Come to the sister of Henry,—come to the mourner of Edward! Retirement is the nurse of love. 'Tis “hereabouts she dwells.” Virtuous affection is blooming here amidst roses. Friendship, (ah surely I might say KIND-RED friendship) in the form of your Louisa, attends. What, of soft, of sacred, of serene, is there *wanting* to invite you? *Here*, as farther removed from the tumults of busy life, you will be drawn more near to Henry. Directing the telescope of imagination only towards *him*, you will seem to approximate almost all of life that is most precious to us both. The pure air itself will assist. The softness of morn, and the serenity of eve, will be alike auspicious—the sigh will become more soft—the violent agitations will subside—the tempestuous passions will sink into a delicate calm, like the smooth sea “when not a breath of “wind blows o’er the surface.”

A little time, passed in a recess so soothing, will answer a thousand good purposes; at present I know the tender heart must feel, and the feeble frame will suffer with

it. My own misery is not noisy, and it will not interrupt yours. The tears of sympathy, which haply you may bestow upon Louisa, shall be gratefully repaid. In this way, we will be at "once indebted and discharged."——Attain, therefore your father's assent, and hasten to the cottager

LOUISA HAMMOND.

N. B. I return the verses which Henry sent with the packet of pens, because I cannot bear to keep any thing that is comfortable from you at this period, especially any thing from our beloved Hammond, whom we divide in dear affections between us.



Verses from Mr. HAMMOND to EMMA; with a present of some Pens, given at parting

I.

GO, ingenious artists, to her,
All ambitious to be prest;
Dear disclosers of sensation!
Agents of the gentlest breast.

II.

Whiter than your whitest feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace;
Yet more white the fair affection,
Whose emotions you shall trace.

III. Go,

III.

Go, and take a charge upon you,
 Passing tender, passing dear;
 Oh, the trust you bear is wondrous!
 Gentle agents, be sincere.

IV.

Every sacred secret marking,
 Gods! how precious ye will prove!
 Softest sympathies imparting,
 Are ye not the plumes of *Love*?

V.

When first floating on the river,
 Lovely was your limpid way;
 Lovely was the silver surface,
 Lovely was your watry play.

VI.

But for pastime still *more* lovely,
 Your sweet feathers *now* I send;
 What *so* lovely, prithee tell me,
 As the service of a friend?

VII.

Faithful to the fair deposits,
 Your *least* stroke shall reach my heart!
 In its elegant recesses,
 Shall be *fix'd*, what you impart.

VIII.

Then, dear instruments I charge ye,
 Often tempt my Emma's eyes;
 Bid her press your downy feathers,
 Bid her *speed* the soft replies.

IX.

Not the plooms which line her pillow,
 Half so delicate shall prove;
 (When, all kind her pulses tremble)
 As your downy shafts of *Love*,

X.

Ye shall note her joy and anguish,
 Gentle agents, be sincere!
 Send me half each drop of sorrow;
 Rob me not of half each tear.

XI.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
 When they bathe the lovely flow'r,
 Are the lucid drops of *Feeling*,
 When from *fondness* falls the show'r,

XII.

Mark, I claim my just *division*,
 Mark, I promise just *return*;
 Some of your white-winged associates
 Must inform her how I mourn.

XIII.

When long leagues our persons sever,
 Ye our wishes shall convey;
 Ye shall tell the pangs of *parting*,
 Ye shall mark the *meeting* day.

XIV.

Save me, pow'rs! that strike the pulses,
 When invades the quick surpize,
 Yonder comes the gentle Emma,
 Hither she directs her eyes.

KV.

How the feather I am using,
 Trembles to the trembling heart!
 Agents, here behold a pattern!
 See a sample of your art.

XVI.

Thus to *me* were Emma writing,
 (And her thoughts like Henry's kind)
 Sympathy would shake each feather,
 All expressive of the mind.

XVII.

Go then, take this charge upon you,
 Passing tender, passing dear,
 Oh, the charge you bear is wondrous!
 Gentle agents, be sincere.

LETTER XXXV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

FREDERICK, he is set off; but I have no reason to imagine his embarkation a good omen. As far as the *father's* interest goes, I am safe, but *that* does not go very far. To tell you the truth, I am *myself* somewhat an odd kind of fellow in this respect. I should not choose to accept an alienated or reluctant hand. Nor could I sit quiet under the idea of possessing a woman, who gave her person as an equivalent for a title and a fortune. These niceties, you will say, are, at my age, somewhat *out of date*; and I ought not to *expect* such etiquettes will be attended to by a fine young woman, whom, perhaps, you imagine, I might jump at, on *any* terms. Look'y' Frederick, leave me to settle my own singularities, and do you settle yours. I think fit, for old acquaintance sake, to unbosom to you a very foolish secret. The least you can do is to hear my story, and to let me tell it my own way. I am now in love "*volens volens*." You may laugh, but I *feel* it is not in my power to extricate myself. Would the wench had not fallen in my way! *These* are what I call cross incidents. When a man is jogging on, and has got soberly
to

to the resting place, *then* to have a slap on the shoulder from such an urchin as Cupid, *then* to be attacked bow and arrow in hand—Is not this too bad—Is not this too ridiculous—too humiliating?

After you have uttered the sarcastic *yes*, I shall proceed to acquaint you, that this mighty ridiculous thing is the most *serious torment*: and what renders it the more perplexing is, that, old fellow as I am, it is a circumstance wholly *new* to me—not more so to the veriest stripling when he wafts from him the maiden sighs for a tripping chit of fifteen. I am not in my dotage, *am* I, Berkley, at forty-three? No, hang it; that is not what they call being well-stricken—is it? I have some terms to keep with *myself* too. I should not *choose* to be *too* absurd.

But this young adventurer! This happy hero! The parts of his character that I have been able to pick up—such as health, agreeableness, genius, spirit, courage, and animation, are not absolutely in my favour, are they, Frederick?

Let us see what I have got to put in the ballance *against* them. The gout—small-pox pits—not the ninetieth part of a muse—less courage than caution, and spirits somewhat harrassed out in the real wear and tear of worldly events. I don't like it, Frederick. It won't do. My lighter
scale

scale is hurled aloof, and I am bouncing my head against the beam most abominably. O Frederick!

Is there then, nothing to throw in by way of bringing a middle-aged gentleman on the equilibrium? Yes. A lusty lump of money. The golden make-weight of fifty thousand pounds. Fair force of metal, Frederick! Our cockaded spark has not any thing to poise *that*, in the opinion of the world; and yet, if this should happen to be *Emma's* opinion, I am so whimsical a mortal, that I should esteem her *less* for the very circumstance which would make my suit *more successful*. The fortune of Henry Hammond, I find, is small. He has *not* much money, but he *has* what does a thousand times more execution in a delicate bosom: he has *sentiment*. O that cursed *sentiment*!—a term, Frederick, of late invention, to express old emotions in a new way—a term, which many use, more affect, few understand, and still fewer, feel—a term, which—which—in short curse that sentiment!

We deceive ourselves, my friend, and in my next I will tell you *how*. Good by' for the present.

Yours

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

I SAID I would tell you how we deceive ourselves. I will. The *slender circumstances*, and even the *great misfortunes* of a lover, are no kind of objection in the eyes of a *sentimental mistress*; embarrassments of the world call forth the *finer* sentiments, and those excite sympathy. Now *sympathy*, Frederick, is in the female breast, a very tender sensation. It is a strange thing, but a true, that this same adorable SENTIMENT has ever had (with indeed very few exceptions) a most sore quarrel with solid silver and gold; and with the coin current of a country. In the account of young *English* women (who are the greatest worshippers of the fair idol) it really circulates as most *sterling*; and the prevailing charms of a pathetic, poetical poverty is a more welcome draft to them, than any which mere *matter-of-fact wealth* could draw upon his banker. Thus it is, that fathers sacrifice to Plutus, and children (especially daughters) to a beggarly Deity, whom Plutus laughs to scorn; and hence the source of ten-thousand family feuds—hence the rise

rise of separate maintenance; and the fall of domestic confidence. Sentimental love is torn almost to tatters in his way to the altar; and when, in this effort, his robe is *most* ragged, *then* is his glory the *most distinguished*; for, thus beggarly as he is, he shall laugh at the labours of a *rich* passion, and as he passes, poverty-struck (as it should seem) through files of females, he will flaunt his famine in your face, and *sentimentally* tell you, it is his *letter of recommendation*. and all this, Frederick, while plain affection (in a snuff-coloured coat for instance) throws in *vain* the massy money bag across his shoulders, and seeks Hymen's temple by the path that is obvious and unentangled. Now-a-days, the broad highway is deserted; and the women rather *choose* to stick those roses in the bosom that are encompassed by *thorns*, than except the richest *bouquet* in the garden that lies open to the view, ready to the hand, and that may be collected without any difficulty.

Difficulty! there it is again. That is *another* cursed thing which enters into the spirit of a modern attachment! It is the first cousin of sentiment, or, as I have heard, its parent. A sly old neighbour of mine, who has looked shrewdly and silently at human nature, and whom I, sometimes, used to consult on that subject,

ject, tells me, that *difficulty* is the happiest thing in the world to sentimental lovers. I hinted to my friend in reply to this, that I then might consider my age, my dark complexion, my wig, and my fair round body, as so many points in my *favour*, since they would, no doubt, throw a respectable quantity of the aforesaid *difficulty* in the way of my *wishes*, meaning my overtures to Emma Corbett. Aye, quoth my friend—but they are not the right *sort* of difficulties. There are, continued he, difficulties which *impede* and difficulties which *advance*. Of the *former*, yours, Sir Robert, happen to be the most substantial, to which you might have added many more that have the kindness to attend you. Of the *latter*, you, Sir Robert, to my recollection, have not one: for you are too rich to experience an objection on the side of cash, which, by incurring the contempt of the father, might possibly recommend you to the child. You are too sleek and too plump, to make a young lady mistake your countenance for the seat of sentiment, and there is so terrible an air of *plenty* all over you, that you are, in my opinion, an unwise Baronet to address any thing but one of those *prudent* young ladies, which in a matrimonial bargain, cling to the *solid* comforts, and will not like you the *worse* for being
so

so abundantly provided with the goods of this life.—But to attempt a woman of *sentiment*, an ATTACHED woman of sentiment, the mistress of a young *soldier*, who loves a man of *poverty*—a man of *poetry*—and, to crown all, who loves a man that is not the *present choice of her father*——Alas, poor Sir Robert! you may think yourself well off, if she does not conceive towards you a generous kind of aversion, and order you to assume a genteel size, to wear your own hair, and to adopt the melting mood before she suffers a second visit. Thus spake my friend—and I don't know what to think of his doctrine. Give her up, I positively cannot. Gain her is not a little improbable. Yet I have met her several times since my arrival, and she has not yet ordered me to assume a genteel size, nor to wear my own hair. I design to make some little alterations in the *head-way*, 'tis true, but this is more in frolic than seriousness: for I love to adopt little drolleries. They belong to my temper, and have accompanied me to a very good end, through life—which, I really find, *requires* many little lifts to go pleasantly through.

It is on this account Frederick, that I regret having seen the fair Emma Corbett. My partiality is not, I find, such a one as I can accommodate to my old habit

H

of

of quaint jocularity. It has a little jarred the harmony of my little system already. I do not enjoy the passing scene quite so care-free—and why should I disguise any thing from Frederick Berkley?—I feel an earnest desire to touch the *heart* of this girl *so*, that I should be as necessary to her felicity as she is to mine; and the fear of not being able to accomplish this, makes me, at times, most peculiarly miserable. Thank discretion, however, she knows, as yet, nothing of the matter; and I shall have the advantage soon of being under the same roof. I could treat her with great tenderness: indeed I could, Frederick.

Before I quite accede to the invitation—though I have written to Corbett—I will consider about it; and shall be glad to hear from you, in the mean time. But you need not write any of your objections to my pursuit, lest you inspire me with a love of *difficulty*, and I should, like a sentimental Lover, exert myself to oppose them, in proportion as they appear insurmountable. But you *may* send me word I am engaged in a hazardous undertaking, *not doubting my success*, if you please. So I am,

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT.

75

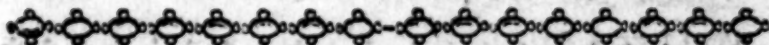
LETTER XXXVII.

TO EMMA CORBETT,

AH my friend, you must not come—
I am not *now* fit to receive you. I am too
gloomy and too sick. My constitution will
not keep pace with my mind—The phy-
sician summons me from hence. O, I would
willingly live and die here, but a certain
something, which, at this crisis, I am not
at liberty to tell even to thee, my Emma,
makes it a duty for me to protract life,
(if it be possible) and even to love it. I
can say no more, and you are too generous
to torture me with an enquiry. Adieu!

LOUISA HAMMOND.

P. S. I shall see you in town soon.



LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MRS. ARNOLD.

YOUR billet, O Caroline, is arrived—
Surely the agony which threatens will not
be added to the rest! If it *be*, the shortness
of its continuance will soften its severity;
for in that case, the tender mercies of

H 2

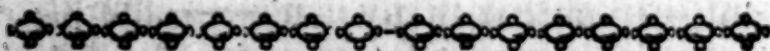
GOD

76 EMMA CORBETT.

God will be upon me, and I shall die.
Ere this letter reaches you, I will myself
embrace all that remains of——

O Caroline, Caroline!—Tears and ter-
ror prevent me from proceeding—The
post is setting out, and I have time only
to announce the journey of

LOUISA HAMMOND.

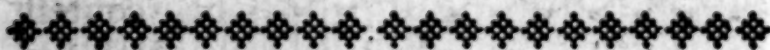


LETTER XXXIX.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND. *

BY all that is valuable to you, I enjoin
the utmost expedition! Since I wrote in
the morning, the causes of apprehension
are increased. If the memory of Edward
be dear to you, lose not a moment.

C. ARNOLD.



LETTER XL.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND. §

WE *differ* about the rural shades, my
friend. I adopt the *Poet's* opinion concer-
ning them.

* Prior to the receipt of the above.

§ Previous to receiving the 37th letter.

“What

"What are the falling rills, the pendent shades,
 "The morning bowers, the evening colonades,
 "But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,
 "To sigh, unheard in, to the passing wind?
 "So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
 "Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart.
 "There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 "Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away."

But were I even to suppose, with you, that solitude, my dear *Louisa's* pathetically *precious* solitude, would woo to it the tender form of patience, it would, at this period, be impossible to take refuge, like the hapless deer, amongst the branches. I have not been allowed a minute's breathing-time since the news of Henry's embarkation reached me. It seems now the great point of my father to dislodge, entirely, all traces of Mr. Hammond. A father's heart engages in this endeavour; and though I know it to be hopeless, I forbear to disturb his plan by unavailing contest, and am passive to the projects which surround (ah how vainly) the *honourable affliction* of my bosom. The *acute* pang, my friend, is subsided, but my affection is only the more fixed upon that account. All places being now pretty much alike, I suffer myself to be drawn about from one silly circle to another. Yet how should my father thus mistake my temper? This affection is no impromptu—No enthusiastic

flight of folly, fancy, or of passion. It has been the slow, progressive course of various combining and irresistible circumstances—circumstances, which, unfolding themselves trait by trait, have discovered to me the merit of a most amiable character; and, on the basis of experience, fixed me to it beyond all possibility of change. So very complex, peculiar, and precious, Louisa, has been every movement in the series of events which have contributed to cement and fasten the faith—the HOLY faith, established between Emma and your brother, that, though no particular predestinarian, nor easily yielding to the wild images of superstition, I am strongly inclined to think—and *there* is my hope—that something more powerful than the mere random agency of chance, *must* have interfered. I am not of the light or fickle tribe: nor am I tumultuous. Extreme violence I dread. That pathetic sobriety which is separated on the one hand from the darkness of despair, and on the other, from the perilous furor of extacy, (if I at all know myself) discriminates my character. To the fortunes of Mr. Hammond, I am tied by those fine bonds of sympathy, upon which time and chance can have no influence. Wherefore, then, should I not give way to the generous instinct? You have often heard me say, that

that I respect and venerate every rule which reason has prescribed to render female conduct correctly amiable; and to preserve that beauteous decorum, without whose graces, woman is both despicable and wretched. But does reason bid us withhold the mitigating balm which is given us to heal the wounds of life? No, my friend. Your own heart, virtuously attached to the memory of a most lovely, and most lamented youth, will plead in my behalf, and justify my constancy. Heaven itself will justify it, and so will the unchangeable God who *inhabits* that heaven.

To delicacy I grant much. To custom *all* which she *ought* to expect. But to *nature*, chastened and regulated by *real virtue*, I devote my heart. In devoting it to them, I dedicate it to Henry; and it is with equal pride and pleasure I am able to inform the sister of my dear Hammond, that, such has been the delicacy of his manners, so uniformly pure his sentiments, his tenderness so adorned by dignity, so becoming a *man* to *offer*, and a *woman* to *accept*,—ardent yet steady, and soft yet bright,—that I do not recollect one word, either spoken or written, which *dying*, I could wish to blot from the tablatore of my memory. If this was the praise of the poet, what shall it be of the lover—
of

of the lover, young, interesting, approved, of the most susceptible heart, and a soldier? And is one's affection for such a man to obey the motion of *wheels*, and fly off as *they* roll along? or is it to be buried in the *grave* of *every-day* society? or is it even to be given up for the gaudiest trappings of tinsel life, which never, even at the most *unengaged* moment, could fascinate the eyes, or sway the opinions of Emma?

O vain thought! O impotent exertion! Would my father have me *flutter* into forgetfulness? It is impossible. Let him rather present to me a man *more* amiable, *more* perfect, *more* tender, *more* engaging, and *more* ingenious than Hammond. Let him introduce to me a second Henry superior to the first, or let him forbear attempting to erase that lovely leaf, whereon the virtues of that first are inscribed: Yet, I hold myself not at *liberty* to oppose the system of my father. I maintain the modest purpose of my soul, and cherish the vow, which in the presence of an attesting God, I have registered in my heart: but I do not set myself *avowedly* against the pursuits of a parent. At the same time I should esteem myself the lightest, as well as the most unworthy, of women, were such pursuits to have any influence upon my faith. Time may convince

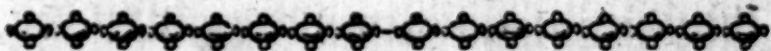
EMMA CORBETT. 81

vince my father of the propriety of a constancy so inflexible; and to that I trust.

May Heaven augment the comforts of us both, Louisa!

Adieu.

EMMA.



LETTER XLI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

HELP me, Corbett, (for I am a poor plain soul) to conquer a little scruple, or rather to obviate it: that done) but first that *must* be done) I am at your service; and will be at your house (for I am tired of this tavern life) in two hours. Now then for it.

Be honest:—how stands the matter betwixt you and young *Hammond*? Is he gone, under the seal of any promise received from *you*? I do not ask what *Emma* has declared. She will answer me *herself*, when I venture to refer to her. But I want to know whether *you*, as her father, have given him, at parting, any mark of approbation. I must not be considered by these young folks, as an impertinent old fellow who presumes upon a *sum of money* and a paltry piece of *titleship*, and so,
in

in the end, become the object of derision, to a whole family. I understand that, during my long residence abroad, this Hammond was under your guardianship; that he lived with you and Emma some years in the very house called Castleberry, which I have purchased of you, that *there* the young man was countenanced by you, and his addresses to your daughter *not disapproved*. Now, as I do not hear of his having done any thing to *forfeit* your affections, I cannot conceive why you have, as you say, "resolved against him."

To be ingenuous, I am afraid you think, I am a *BETTER match*. Look'y' Charles, I am no hero, but an honest man, and you shall not break your word, (as many a *very* honest man *has* done) in compliance with certain rigorous circumstances—Let us talk like old friends, newly met.

On my leaving England, *I* was *poor*, and *you* was *rich*. In the roll of human affairs, perhaps, now that *I* am returned rich, *you* may be, comparatively, poor—that is, you may have some wise scheme to carry, and cannot well bring it about. I can no otherway account for this sudden change in disfavour of Hammond—for you used to be fixed in your opinions—than that, impelled to an alteration by distressing incidents, you——In short, is there any hard part in your situation, which

which you imagine an alliance with me might remove? and, *but* for this would not Hammond be as much the object of *your* choice as he is that of your daughter?

Corbett, speak plain. What cash do you want? Let not your necessities violate your engagements. Condescend to be a borrower where you may so safely rely upon your lender; and where, by contracting a debt, you may confer an obligation. To plead for a rival would be unnatural—but to save a friend from error, and myself from disgrace, is not amiss.

An old and intimate friend of your's happened to step in, just as I was directing my servant to carry my luggage to your house. Your name was no sooner mentioned than he exclaimed—"Poor Corbett, how miserable must he be at the departure of young Hammond, who is betrothed to his daughter Emma! The youth is just gone a volunteer to America, and, if in that enterprise he be not shot, he is to marry on his return. Corbett doats upon him; and a fine young spirited fellow he is."—

This startled me; but I said nothing. I apply for explanation to *you*, dear Charles. Let neither your preference of me, nor your private affairs, aught avail. I had rather be very unhappy, than at all ridiculous. My friendship is at your service, just as you have occasion to shape it; only
I am

84 EMMA CORBETT.

I am sure, on a little reflection, you will not offer to give it the inhospitable form of infringing the rights of another.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



L E T T E R XLII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

YO U force me into a very unwelcome explanation. Unwelcome, because *precipitate*; and which I designed to have opened at a proper opportunity, in the hour of confidence—however, as the circumstance is thus hastened on, I must suit myself to it.

I am not by any means so rich as I was when at your departure from this country for India: yet I am too rich—and should think myself so had I only one guinea upon the earth—to marry Emma to *your* fortune to mend *mine*. I did love Hammond, even with a father's love, and in a legal sense to *be* his father was my favourite intention. Yet that idea is now, of *all* others, the farthest from my mind, and never CAN be revived. It is a little hard, that you have got me into such an exigence as to make it impossible for me,
with

with any credit, to keep the great secret of my life.

Henry Hammond is, against all advice, and persuasion, violently attached to those cruel *spoilers*, who have gone sword in hand into the bowels of a country, where my dear son has fallen a victim—a country which is most barbarously butchered, and to whose welfare I am bound by ties the most tender and interesting. I would reject *you*, I would reject an EMPEROR that should pretend to the hand of Emma, and yet sacrilegiously pollute his *own* hand, in the life-blood of AMERICA. Oh, thou hapless land! thou art precious to me beyond the breath which I am now drawing!—beyond every hope that I can form on this side heaven!—beyond my daughter—yes, even beyond Emma, because thou art equally the object of my love, and more of my *pity*! The rapacious HENRY is gone to plunge another poignard in thy bosom!—the bosom of my country—the tomb of Emma's brother, and the vault of every generous affection. Nature herself lies bleeding on thy shore, and *there* the inhuman mother has plunged the dagger (with her own barbarous hand) into the bowels of her child!—

But oh the deep and tremendous restitutions are at hand; I see them, with a prophetic eye, this moment before me.

I

Horror

86 EMMA CORBETT.

Horrors shall be repaid with *accumulation* of horror. The wounds in America shall be succeeded by deep-mouthed gasches in the heart of Britain! The chain of solemn consequences advance. Yet, yet, my friend, a little while, and the poor forlorn one who has fought and fallen at the gate of her proper habitation, for freedom—for the common privileges of life—for all the sweet and binding principles in humanity—for father, son, and brother—for the cradled infant, the wailing widow, and the weeping maid. Yet, yet a little while, and she shall find an avenger. Indignant nations shall arm in her defence—Thrones and dominions shall make *her* cause their own, and the fountains of blood which have run from *her* exhausted veins, shall be answered by a yet fuller measure of the horrible effusion. Blood for blood, and desolation for desolation! O, my poor Edward!—my buried property! my massacred America!

You remember it was amongst my first questions, that I desired to know *your* opinion of the war? I received the answer which soothed my heart, and it was not till after that moment, I suffered my full tide of ancient tenderness again to flow.

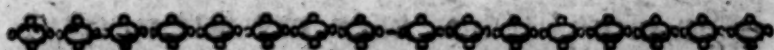
To *Henry* I break *no* promise. Emma's attachment, I think, may be *subdued* by gentle means. O, if she still unites her
heart

EMMA CORBETT. 87

heart (even her secret heart) to that *volunteer* murderer, these silver hairs shall descend in sudden sorrow to the grave. But indeed, I do not apprehend it. She is all duty. She *loves* the source of her existence. Come then. Discover to her your virtues, and try to save me from the distress of her preferring a rash boy, who is bent upon destroying *those* which are so valuable to

Your

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER XLIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

YOU astonish me. I imagined you were, like *myself*, a citizen of the earth, and of no particular party. For my *own* part, I have *travelled* away all enthusiasm of the sort you mention. There is, indeed, something like a natural affection, which one bears to the place of one's nativity; because, *there* our beings were first linked to the chain of society—there first shot up our ideas—there grew our connexions, our affections, our hopes, and our wishes—there our little loves were first formed, and our little wants first accommodated. It is upon these accounts

I 2

that

that I am more happy to contemplate the scenes of England than those of India—that I rate more highly my *own* than I do a *foreign* language—that I look with fondest partiality at the spot (which is marked in everlasting traces on the memory) devoted to the pastimes of my infancy, and that I continue some sort of grateful tenderness for the very *trees*, whose shades so often soothed me in the summer of my childhood. My predilection for my native country, friend Corbett, ‘hath this extent—no more.’ It has been my fate to travel—I had almost said—wherever Europeans are dispersed. I have travelled too, where civil society hath yet made no progress, but I have *never* travelled (and oh *may* I never) where the “human face divine” did not meet my eye. However varied by colour, by tint, and by feature, I saw enough to discover my *kind*, and to acknowledge it. I disputed not about the white or black, the tawny, or the yellow; nor about the different mixture, shade, or distinction of these.—I saw beings of the same erect form—I saw MY SPECIES; and in this very serious moment I declare to you, that I felt attachment to the general figures of men and women, wherever I beheld them, even before I knew any thing of their particular dispositions. In looking more close, I beheld
amongst

amongst every people, whether savage or civilized, many things to like, and many to dislike: but not *one* to cut them wholly from my tenderness. Foremost of those points, Corbett, which *hurt me*, were the bickerings that subsisted between one state and another. In passing through a variety of countries, and seeing them *all* either *engaging*, *preparing* to engage, or healing the wounds of an engagement *past*, I began to think the passion for honourable death (i. e. cutting throats and lopping limbs for subsistence or for glory, for pride or pique) was universally peculiar to these ages of iron and steel; till, devoting a cool hour to examine the map of the world, and perceiving that, from the creation (or very soon after) even unto this day, to shed blood in this manner has been the *constant practice*, I gave up the idea of calling my fellow-creatures cruel or sanguinary upon this account, and *deplored* a custom which I could not *approve*. Yet, in every army are characters to be beloved; and the human affections spread themselves, more or less, over every clime. In considering the *causes* of wars, between different proportions of the same species, (of whom numbers without number have been slain) I have found them so wretchedly inadequate to the horrible *effects*, that I have often melted into tears, but never

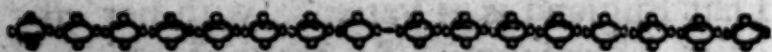
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have

have been inflamed with anger. Tens of thousands, my friend, have been sacrificed to the frown of a favourite, the whim of a prince, or the smile of a prostitute. The *occasions* are contemptible, but the *event* is murder. What can a good-natured man do, but commiserate the abuse of power, and the madness of ambition? In point of *propriety* there is seldom a pin to choose on either side; and even when it is Justice herself that draws the sword, and heads the phalanx, the blood of many an innocent is shed in the contest; and in the warmest moment of success, while victory is enjoying her jubilee,—if all the milk of human kindness were not drained out of the hero's bosom—there is as much cause for him to sorrow, as to rejoice. Oh Mr. Corbett, were he to retire *after* the shout of acclamation to some quiet solitude, and there think on the means by which the conquest has been gained—were he to consider, that heaps of his *countrymen* as well as of the *enemy* (*all* of whom were human beings) lie cut to pieces upon the plain—while *another* heap, yet more to be regretted, are groaning in hospitals—would not the laurel wither on his brow? would not the sense of rapture be checked, sympathy stream from his eye, and recoiling horror freeze up the blood about his heart? Such are my opinions.

ons. I caught them, my friend, from the fountain-head of a most touching *experience*. They flowed immediately from the *wounds* of my fellow creatures. Appointed to the office of surgeon, at a period of *war*, in the earlier part of my life, it was the fortune of our ship more than once to feel the shocks of public hostility. I had so much business upon my *hands* that it was almost too much for my *heart*. At the conclusion of the voyage, an opportunity offered to quit my cruel station, and I readily embraced it. Since that time I have kept myself unengaged from scenes for which nature did not form me: and I am not of any party. I detest war and the *thoughts* of war, but I sincerely wish well to every human creature. That England is at variance with her colonies is unhappy. In both countries I have friends who are dear to me. In both I have property. But I dare not lean either way, lest I should unsettle that system of *general loving-kindness* which, for a great while, has been the basis of my happiness. I assiduously avoid political conversation, and it is a certain prudence in *your* conduct (which seldom suffers you to mention these things) that makes me so pleased, my dear Corbett, with your society. I am now too far advanced in life to begin the cares of a *partizan*, but

as I have some *feelings*, I cut out some more *congenial* employment for them. I love my jest. I love my friend. I love you; and I love your daughter. Your ardent principles now convince me, that an alliance with Hammond would be to unite fire with fire: I will therefore try, for her father's sake, and for mine, how far Emma may be brought to like a *man of peace*. I have only to desire that you will consider me as one who remains *neuter* upon the same principle that *you* take a *side*, viz. because I *think* it is *right*, and because I *feel* it to be *happy*. This condition observed, our ancient friendship will stand firm, and I shall ever be, Your's,
ROBERT RAYMOND.



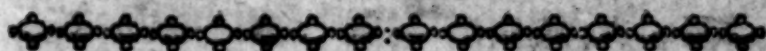
LETTER XLIV.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

AGREED. Had Hammond remained neuter on motives of like benevolence I should still have loved a name which is now detestable, so I beg you will not utter it again. For my own part, I *cannot* remain neuter. My soul is on fire—I breathe generous vengeance against barbarous Britain: I own it; and, could I
move

move this lacerated body out of England without immediate peril of a life on which my Emma has a claim, I would not continue in a foil so accursed. We now know each other's opinion, and the subject disorders me so much when it is brought forward, that I must readily acquiesce in your wishes to drop it for ever. My feelings must ever remain; but it kills me to give them language. Come directly. I have prepared Emma for the society of an amiable man, and have explained our long and intimate connexion. Adieu!

C. CORBETT.



LETTER XLV.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

YOU alarm and check my curiosity in the same moment, Oh; beautiful unfortunate! Yet is it not a little hard to have any concealments with the sister of Edward, and the avowed admirer of Henry? Particular circumstances, however, justify what, in general ones, would be an unkindness; and these, I am convinced, *sanctify* the silence of Louisa. Sacred and embosomed, beyond the reach of any participation, be all that you desire to keep so. I wait, in patient tenderness, the moment

ment of fuller confidence; and till that arrives, will only assure you that I am connected with every turn of your life, and with every stroke of your fortunes; but will suffer myself to make no more the premature enquiry. All this I owe you in return for the solicitude you express for the welfare of Emma; whose chief pleasure, on this side the separating sea, consists in the correspondence which she maintains with Louisa.

After several days of tedious revelry, the hurry into which my heart had been precipitated somewhat subsides. We have left the vapours of London, and got into a serener system. The house of a very *old friend* of my father's, lately landed from India, is now our residence; and it was once the residence of Emma and of Henry; for it is that very *Castlebury* where my father (who has since sold it to the present proprietor) had used to pass, with his elected friends, some months of every summer. Since his American misfortunes—O pardon me the mention of them!—he detests the country, and has, I find, sold the whole property to the agent employed to provide a country house and some pleasure grounds for Sir Robert Raymond, (that is his name) previous to his arrival in England. The agent fixed upon this spot, it became the seat of Sir Robert before my father

father knew that it was to be inhabited by a friend. Sir Robert is delighted with the purchase, and my father rejoices to see a domain that he once loved, so properly disposed of. *You* also remember this retreat; for were you not the associate of our flowery infancy?—Louisa and Edward, Henry and Emma, formed the dear, family groupe!—You tell me it soothes you to indulge these sentiments; but, perhaps, they may be too great a trial for the present state of your spirits, and I forbear.

Sir Robert Raymond, our host, is a broad set, brown faced, good natured, very sensible man, with some, not disagreeable, particularities; a large fortune, some time since bequeathed him, and no sort of impertinence in consequence of it. Humour, serious sense, and observation, divide his character. He was bred to physic, and in the earlier part of his life practised as a sea-surgeon. He is replete with anecdote, and extremely assiduous to animate conversation, without engrossing it. *I* am particularly the object of his notice, chiefly, no doubt, because he perceives *I* stand most in need of comfort; and *I* return his civilities as well as the situation of my heart will allow.

Yet, with respect to the country, *I* was somewhat mistaken, my friend. *I* happen to be fixed in a spot where every
leaf

leaf of every tree appears *consecrated*. An holy inspiration seems to breathe about me!—Wherever I look I behold a trait of Henry—I tread the paths where, arm in arm, we have walked together, and I sleep in the very *apartment*, which was formerly devoted to *his* repose. These are small circumstances, Louisa; but they cling close to the heart.—Yes, my dearest friend, this place is not without some softnesses, some seducing sweets, agreeable to the present distress which bears upon my spirits. However depressed, however exhausted, I am in proper feeling to *enjoy* such a retreat. The tender lapse of the streams, the balmy lightness of the air, the serene quietude of shade, the freshness of that verdure which at once charms and *cherishes* the eye, the carol of the gentler kind of birds, the unobtrusive bloom of the softer kind of flowers—*each* and *all* of these conspire to produce that weeping resignation which Louisa has described; and which is the natural effect of a virtuous heart in disappointment.—But still I am unhappy. Since I am not permitted to *talk* of the dear cause of my grief, I *feel* more. Some part of the sorrow, which used to vent itself in language, is now doubled by solitude and silence; like brooks which murmur least, when they are most profound. I write this in a
little.

little rocky cavity that stands in the garden, where, at your beloved hour of twilight's soberest grey, I have stepped forth, amidst the fanning fragrance of eve, to meditate and to mourn. But while I write of my sequestration, it is about to be disturbed, for the tread of an intruder assails my ear, —it is Sir Robert Raymond: —Adieu! oh, Louisa adieu!

EMMA.

P. S. If I too much affect you, check my pen.



LETTER XLVI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

AH no, my charming sister (I will not quit the claim—) I can bear it now—I wish to weep—to weep plentifully, for I am happy—Oh, the proud word! I had lately such prospects of horror before my eyes, that to find them thus unexpectedly *removed*, makes me able to look at the light of the sun with a smile; and *that*, though but of a moment's continuance, is happiness to a wretch like me.—Go on, therefore go on—proceed to amuse, to affect, to touch me. All hail the varied emotions which your pen inspires! Ah!

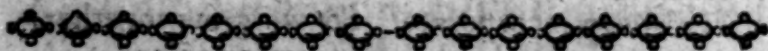
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Emma,

98 EMMA CORBETT.

Emma, Emma, think what a bright beam of bliss must break on the bosom of her, whose chief surviving treasure is rescued from the jaws of DEATH. Think, O think what a PARENT feels when wounded in every finer nerve, and then healed again—alas, what have I said? How wild is transport! Into what flights doth ecstasy carry the heart which is unused to a visitor so radiant! Oh Emma, *Edward is dead*, and yet existence is, at this instant, accounted precious to *his* and to *your*

LOUISA HAMMOND.



LETTER XLVII.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

“A PARENT feels”—I understand you not. And yet, such sentiments, at such a time, can surely spring from but ONE sacred source. A *parent* feel! O great God, Louisa! how am I to interpret this?—what am I to think? I pause from my *own* feelings in sympathy of *yours*—yet what am I to think? Consider my suspense. Consider what you owe a faithful, long-tried friend. Consider I am your own

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

YOU *are* Emma, you *are* my friend.
You are to me, and I to you, all which is
 comprised in the sweet description that
 both have a thousand times repeated.

“ We, Emma, like two artificial Gods,
 “ Have with our needles created both one flower;
 “ Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 “ Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 “ As if our hands, and sides, voices, and minds,
 “ Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 “ Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 “ Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
 “ So, with two seeming bodies, and one heart.”

And shall I longer withhold from you the
 new claims—claims which yet you know
 not of—to love me?—“ What shall you
 think?” O, think of *every thing* that is
most tender—think that I have a title to
 all your *pity*, to all your *affection*—think
 that the sole pledge of HONOURABLE
 love is just snatched from the grave; and
 think too, that you behold the *widow* of
 the hapless Edward in

 LOUISA

LETTER XLIX.

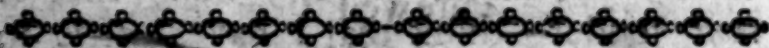
TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

A W I F E, a widow, and the mother of an orphan,—at least of a dear fatherless child! *Married to my brother*, and this the first disclosure! I am all amazement, all terror, and all tears. O explain the mystery! Since *you* have begun, suffer *me* to continue the same sweet language, and to reproach you softly.

“Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,
 “The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
 “When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 “For parting us— Oh! and is all *forgot?*”

No, no, you will *tell* me all, and be *indeed* the sister of

EMMA.



LETTER L.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

I H A V E gone too far to recede, and you *shall* know all, though I have broken a trust, and my conscience smites me. I am *used* to *misery*, but the *novelty* of joy was too much to bear, and hath betrayed me.
 To

To a very dear and gentle bosom I confess, even to the sister of the man who had bound me in the bonds of honour, and made secrecy a double duty. Yet I will go on without reserve, so soon as a firmer state of health will permit.—The exertion of my spirits is now succeeded by a worse languor than I have ever before experienced, and I am reduced once more to the necessity of addressing you from my pillow. *Suspend*, therefore, your curiosity; pity my weakness, and pray for my recovery—but do not on any account come to me, even should you hear no more from me for some time. I know how to nurse my disorder, and till all matters are explained, I would not wish you again to see the sister of Emma, and the widow of Edward. O let my secret sleep in the innermost sanctuary of your bosom.

Farewell.

LOUISA CORBETT.



LETTER LI.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

BE so obliging as to tell me, whether it is madness, or dotage, to which I am

K 3

now

now reduced? That it is one or the other, (provided it be not a mixture of *both*) is now past question. I cannot suffer Corbett to propose me to his daughter, nor have I the confidence to propose myself. And, indeed, the more frequently I converse with her (which I take all decent occasions of doing) the more I see her, hear her voice, and perceive the sense "distinct and clear" that is falling from her lips whenever she opens them, the less am I able to speak, nay the less assurance have I to believe, that so much merit, youth, and beauty, will have any thing to say, seriously, to a fellow with so sun burnt a form, and unsentimental a set of features, as the middle-aged Robert Raymond.

She hath an affecting trick of shedding tears, Frederick, and of sighing bitterly, which burst upon one so unpreparedly, that though I knew them to be the effusions of her friendship for the young volunteer, I could not find it in my heart to check them; but let a few of the same kind steal down my *own* cheek in very *ellowship of sympathy*. I should, upon my word, I *feel* that I should, and I have not sported with my emotions enough to disguise them.

Yet I have never heard her mention the name of Hammond since her arrival at Castleberry, from whence you see I am
now

now dating. Is not this strange? I always thought the tongue was a traitor upon these occasions. She LOOKS Hammond, methinks, but she SPEAKS him not. I think I can interpret her eyes; but *they* are indeed the seat of every fine sentiment, and seem made to express every thing that is gentle and tender, so that it is no wonder. *You*, friend Frederick, are an adept in these matters. Inform me.

Little of this great world can I speak more "than pertains to feats" of salves and plaisters, and therefore

"Little shall I grace my cause
"In judging for myself."

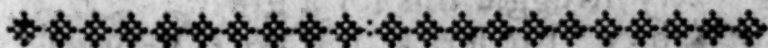
I do really think I am engaged in a very unthrifty undertaking—a looking-glass, that happens to hang near the table on which I am now writing, confirms me in this opinion. There is such a palpable air of *confidence* in *supposing* I should succeed, that had not the torrid zone scorched all the *graces of the blood* out of my countenance, I should certainly blush.

I write, you see, in my old way, but I am put sorely out of my old road for all that. It is, after all, a droll sort of defect I possess, that of really thinking I am too old and ugly to be an object of a young woman's attachment. Yet there is nothing very preposterous in this idea, either. Speak to Emma, says
Passion.

Passion. Dread a repulse, replies Common Sense. Then give up the point, and think no more about it, cries Prudence. "Ah! teach me how I should forget to think," answers Love, in the language of Romeo. A pretty struggle this for a grave man of forty-three, Frederick, is it not? Between ourselves, I fancy that, when I have procrastinated as much as possible, played the fool with my feelings, and made myself sufficiently miserable, I shall see the propriety of *escaping an explanation*, and so make a match of it in the temple of *Fancy* only, where a man chooses his own mistress, and can dread no disappointment. After all, I cannot but apprehend there is some little delicacy in this conduct. It proceeds from a quick *terror* of becoming ridiculous. Tender attachments, and all the train of the sensations they produce, are extremely graceful at five and twenty, but when one has reached the wrong side of forty, I do truly think the *belle passion* somewhat *outré*. Yet hitherto, having mixed but little with amiable young women, and never with immodest ones, the ardours of eighteen can scarce exceed my own, and I am, in this first affection, this first love, (for it is absolutely such) as bashful and as awkward as a boy just ushered into the society of the sex. "'Tis passing strange" and perhaps "passing pitiful;"

tiful;" but, however you may enjoy the confession, I fully feel all the *tremors* of *tenderness*.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER LII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

"**P**RAY for your recovery!" Oh, how fervently do I pour the petitionary prayer to the Great Restorer! Dear as is the name of Hammond, much as I love to write it, and sweet as are the sensations which agitate my heart so often as I see it marked upon the paper, there is, methinks, something more dear, more lovely, and more sweet, in that of Louisa Corbett. At least *her title* to use it, seems to bring the *sister* so close upon my bosom, and so soft upon my soul, that I feel uncommon joy at the tidings. A child too—a little *Edward*—is it not so? But I will restrain the torrent—I will forbear. I will "pray for your recovery;" and then—ah then, will you not have perfect confidence in your sister

EMMA?

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

OF *bodily* disorders I know the symptoms, but cannot decide with equal skill or precision about those of the *mind*. Pray, thou child of refinement, tell me, what are we to think of a young lady when she seeks occasion to converse with you, when she chooses, rather to chat and walk with a man of forty-three, than with several younger and handsomer visitors who are now at my house; and, above all, when she makes advances to pupillage, and desires to become a scholar? Yes, yes, laugh away, but assure yourself that I have hopes: for Emma has proposed, by way of country amusement, during her stay at my place, to——

—Faith, Frederick, you are such a grinner, that I am almost afraid to speak—

——During her stay, as I said, at Castleberry, to study the art of ——*Surgery!*

Now, as this branch of knowledge can be of no real service to her, I will let you know how I choose to interpret it—*choose*, I say, so don't you put me out of favour with the conceit, nor the conceit out of favour with me.

I choose

I *choose* therefore to consider it as a decent way of telling me my friendship is *not disagreeable*, and this idea soothes me; so once again I intreat, you will not be such a raven as to *croak* the comfort from my bosom. Alas, dear friend, half the hopes of this little life are delusive, but while they delude us into happiness, let us not affect to despise them. Imagination is only a gayer name for matter of fact, in *many* cases—*think* so, and 'tis so. If felicity be seated in the mind, it must often depend upon the fair *shadows* of *opinion*, and, one may say, without a paradox, that these are frequently *substantial*.

Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER LIV.

TO MRS. ARNOLD.

BY a line just received from Louisa I am interdicted at present from writing to her, and the sentiments which now oppress me are, indeed on *all* accounts, improper to offer a mind pierced by so similar a sorrow. Yet, to restrain the whole dreadful weight in my own bosom would surely kill me. Do *you* then, O my dear cousin, my worthy Caroline, do *you* assist me. —Tell

—Tell me, I conjure you, where the feeling heart shall find a sanctuary? Tell me, what foliage is thick and impenetrable enough to repel that terror which assails an unhappy woman, when the object of every hope and every fear is determined upon dangers the most complicated and decisive? Henry, your *favourite* Henry, is gone, you know, to defend his country, to signalize his bravery, and to serve his King. I admit the propriety of the enterprise, according to the laws of *honour*, but I weep at the extremity of its horror when tried by the laws of *feeling* and *humanity*.

The glowing arguments of that dear departed, I did not dare to oppose. I faintly breathed the female resistance. I feared, lest my affection might seem to be selfish, by contesting the point of separation. I violated the softness of my sex, and the tenderness of my nature, to restrain the flowing tide that rose in billows to my heart, which laboured with the agony of suppression. His being this moment upon the sea, eager to gain the seats of hostility, is a proof of it! Perhaps, I might have seduced him from this adventure, since humanity and love (oh, how opposite from ravage and war!) are the principles which figure fairest in the spotless history of Henry's youth. But I dreaded the after operations of inexorable honour, which
might

might detest the trembling hand that saved it from the sword.

Yet *now*, my Caroline, *now* that he is far removed from the voice of my complainings, and can no longer be disarmed by their sweet oppression, suffer, oh suffer me to mourn—suffer me to execrate that insatiate and wanton *power*, which scatters desolation o'er the land! Ah this dire *dæmon* of battle!—this *dæmon*, who, with giant footsteps, tramples upon the best and most beautiful affections of the soul—who delights to hear the wail of the wounded, and the groans of the expiring—whose vessels sail upon a sea of tears, and are wasted by sighs which are extorted from the tender bosom. I see, I see the sanguinary power. He shoots athwart the realms of affrighted fancy, in a robe of crimson; ten times dyed in the blood of his votaries. The soft verdure of the spring withers into the sterility of winter as he advances. The streams of plenty, which fertilized a happy world, stand checked in their progress, or roll onward a bed of troubled waters. Behold where the ruthless monarch approaches. The bounties and the beauties of nature fall before him. Territories are torn up by the roots, and empires mingle in the common ravage. Chained to his triumphal car—behold the lover, the orphan, the

L. friend,

friend, the father, and the widow. Oh, Heavens! Fear, despair, and all the bleeding virtues, and all the family of pain, form his retinue. Dreadful, dreadful procession! And all for what?—for what, my Caroline? Wherefore is the peace of the world thus to be destroyed, wherefore is man to raise his hand against the life of man, and deliberate murder to be entitled to applause?

Hear, O humanity, the reply, and be *still*, if thou canst! The rulers of different realms, in the wanton exertion of power, infringe upon what is falsely called the property of each other. Men, who are utter strangers to the very persons of one another, and are separated, perhaps, by partitions of a thousand leagues, quarrel for a few vile acres of the dirt which shall presently cover the toiling race; and the lives of a people are devoted to the sword. Earth itself, wide as is extended her beautiful domain, is not *enough* extensive for these pigmy mortals to divide amongst themselves; nor are the natural miseries of a very short life, with all its moral, all its civil, all its social evils, sufficient, without the aids of untimely and *voluntary* slaughter. The hurry of the scene, the din of the battle, and that political music which drowns the cry of distress, may *pass over* these sentiments, and humanity will not have

EMMA CORBETT. III

have time to hear, nor to be heard. But in the quieter moment, when the *gentle* power revisits the bosom, and resumes the lovely throne from whence she has been driven, oh how impious, and how contemptible, will appear those bickerings, which terminate in the effusion of human blood! And could these heroes enter coolly into the *consequence* of this barbarous practice: this practice of defacing and hacking away the express image of their God, to ascertain privileges, in a world which was made for the reception and accommodation, the peace and the pleasure, of *all* mankind—could they be spectators of the calamity which equally attends the shout of victory and the shriek of defeat—could they behold the inconsolable wife sink upon her widowed bed, and the child, stretching forth its little hands in vain to greet a returning father—a father, left naked, mangled, and unburied upon a foreign and an inhospitable shore—would not the touch of human pity assert its softening pressure, and all agree to cultivate the blessings of universal brotherhood?

How many wretches, forlorn and fallen, are at this instant pining away on the sorrow-steeped couch, while the heedless multitude echo the praises of one who has earned a laurel at the expence of adding acres to his king, and anguish to his countrywomen?

man? I am no politician, Mrs. Arnold, I am a human being. I am a christian. I am one who profess to adore a religion of peace—one too, who can never be persuaded that the cherub countenance of man—the express image of the deity, is created thus fair, and thus amiable, to be cruelly sported away in the riots of ambition, pride, and folly.

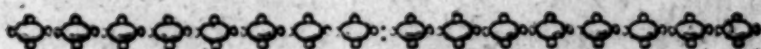
Ah, my dear Henry! alive as thou art to all that is most endearing, what will be *thy* sensations *after* the bloody affray! Thou, whose bosom is gentler than the mildest and kindest breezes of the spring!—what wilt *thou* feel, should some hapless woman, attended by all her little orphans, demand, of thy victorious hand, the slaughtered husband, and the slaughtered fire? Or should but thy *fancy* suggest such a groupe, rushing through the ranks, and in piercing tones of agony exclaiming—*“restore, restore them to me,”*—how wouldst thou support it? Thou Hammond, whom the female sigh, the female tear, the female shriek, would at any time penetrate to the soul!—

On the other hand (and the chance alas, is equal) should it be *thy* fate to fall—oh thou dearest, best-beloved, and most *worthy* to be so—should the malignant star, that influences, full often, the hero's fortunes—should it ordain that—

O Ca-

● Caroline, Caroline, I congeal with horror. I can derive no lasting serenity from the pious example of the resigned Louisa. I rage, I rave. I cannot bear it. Indeed I cannot! Hope, duty, religion, are insufficient. I shall be detected in the deepest exigence of my sorrow.—The tears are deluging my paper. My senses seem to turn—I am bowed to the earth—I am——Oh how shall I conceal what I am?—How disguise the horrors which press down the spirit of the most afflicted

EMMA!



LETTER LV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

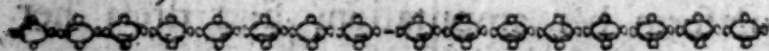
MY fair pupil makes a surprising progress in her new studies; and were not her heart too soft to support the pain occasioned by her hand, she would, in a little time, perform her amputation, and dress her wound with the best of us.

She seeks this barren novelty of knowledge by way of solace: yet it affords her little; for, through all her efforts to amuse and to disguise, I can see her distress. Ah Frederick, that it was permitted me to relieve that distress! Yet if *Henry's* image

still exists in her bosom—and, oh! how likely that it should!—it would be the very *phrenzy* of hope to expect success on my part. Would I had continued in India! Fortune has been extremely perverse. The gaiety of my character is passing away. Every pleasant habit is dropping from me, and the peace of my soul is about to take flight. Can a virtuous passion produce these revolutions? Yes, Frederick, nothing *but* a virtuous passion *can* produce them. It is a *chaste affection*, and will, depend upon it, be one way or another, rewarded. But it is very poignant; and yet, we best love the wounds of elegant tenderness when they cut most deeply into the heart. My affection for Emma increases with the increasing difficulty of declaring it; and though a much longer silence seems intolerable, to *break* that silence appears a circumstance yet less to be supported by

Your

ROBERT RAYMOND.



L E T T E R LVI.

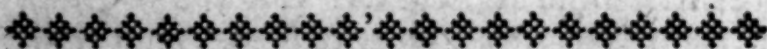
TO EMMA CORBETT.

WELL, my dear and dutiful daughter, ever kind, and ever considerate to me: I have not teased you by premature importunity

portunity—I left you, quietly, to the effects, first of society, and then of solitude. I want words to tell you how I am touched by those exertions you have made to acquire a conquest of reason over passion; and though I have sometimes detected the tear upon your cheek, and felt the breath of your sigh as it broke, by stealth, from your bosom; yet——In short, my sweet girl, it seems now to be a proper crisis to communicate the hopes, anxieties, and expectations of my heart. O! I have some important secrets to disclose! yet I tremble to begin. Wherefore *should* I tremble? You are delicate and obliging. Ere I quit this sublunary scene, I have *two* great ends to wish accomplished; and after that, welcome the moment which shall re-unite me to the cherub who was once your mother, and who gave to me my now only child—who gave the pledge of her fidelity to these paternal arms, in this very room:—for *here* was Emma born, and here is the proper place, to date an address which intreats her to make her birth a blessing to me.—*When* and *where*, then, shall an aged father whisper his wishes to a daughter?—O let the reciprocal duties be exchanged, my dear Emma, without *much* delay. I love you with my whole soul, and you will return the full luxuriance of my affection. The Times
are

are greatly changed, and require great innovations of conduct. New modes of duty spring from new circumstances. Let us generously accommodate ourselves to incidents, which render improper to day, what might yesterday be right. I solicit an interview. Take your own time; yet think, that time is very *precious*, and treat me like a friend—treat me like a father. Enough. I write to my child. I write to Emma, and her heart will tremble to the tender claims of

CHARLES CORBETT.



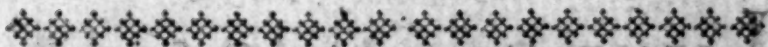
LETTER LVII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

O MY father, why this unnecessary preparation, this awful ceremony? Why the formal interview so solemnly announced?—announced too by a *letter*, written under the same roof! Ah, what, sir, does it portend? *Two* points, two *great* points have you to adjust?

I come—I *fly* to your apartment—to that *beloved* apartment where my virtuous mother—I cannot go on, I confess that some terrible suggestions have seized my heart.—But I will not indulge them. I will attend my dearest father ere this bill-

let can well reach his expecting hand,
from EMMA.



LETTER LVIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

I AM suddenly summoned into my father's apartment. He is not there, but I attend his coming. In ascending the stairs, I trembled at every step. In this very room I was born. How could my father have the fortitude to *sell* this mansion?—how could he—Ha! I hear a noise.—He is coming. For some days I have penetrated a certain design, and I predict the purpose of this meeting. Perhaps—Oh Heaven! he is just at the door. He stops at the head of the stairs—I hear him sigh heavily. This is not, I feel, a moment in which I can bear any addition of distress. Here is a private door that leads to my apartment. My father is pacing about on the other side. I hear the handle of the door shake in his hand. Some violent agitation is upon him. At *this* time the interview would kill me. He is opening the door. I hasten my retreat.

Adieu! EMMA.

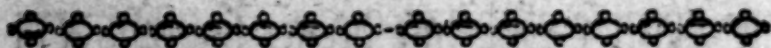
LETTER

LETTER LIX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I SEND this, my dearest father, to your apartment, to beg you will defer the honour you intend me till a quieter opportunity. I find myself so extremely and suddenly indisposed, that I should ill reward *your* kind attention, by dividing *mine*: and indeed, were I not afraid of seeming to press too hardly on your indulgence, I should intercede with you to make my excuses for absenting myself this whole day from the company below; that I may try to recover myself by keeping quite still in my own chamber.

EMMA.



LETTER LX.

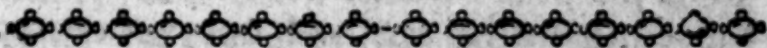
TO EMMA CORBETT.

MY dear child! thank you for this relief. It is mutual, though I deplore the occasion. Take a moment of better spirits, and better health for our affectionate conversation. Compose yourself. Nurse your tender heart into tranquillity. I should not be equal *myself* to the task this morning. Pass the day in all the privacy you think fit; and for your excuses to the
worthy

EMMA CORBETT. 119

worthy Sir Robert, depend upon your friend and father

CHARLES CORBETT.



L E T T E R LXI.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

My dear Cousin,

IT is with great willingness I sit down to make a reply to the letter you addressed to me; but it is not without much concern that I find it necessary to use the pen in answer to those which you addressed to Louisa, whose present state of health is such as to prevent her writing. Anxious, however, even as she presses the pillow of sickness, to elevate the suspense of her beloved Emma (in regard to the promised articles of confidence) she instructs me to acquaint you in the concise way that I am able, of the means by which she became the wife of your unfortunate brother, as well as with the reasons which prevailed with her to keep that union a secret from *his* family, from her *own*, and from the *world*. She conceives too, that the deeper colours of distress in *her* fate, may by comparison, alleviate the softer tints of wretchedness in *yours*; for at the worst, my
dear

dear cousin, as matters now stand, you have a lover living who is very properly the object of many a charming hope; while the poor Louisa is daily tortured with reflecting on the death of one yet dearer than a lover—even a husband and a father, who is the object of many a misery too mighty for the solace of sighs and tears.

With respect to the letter I have had the pleasure to receive from you, it bespeaks a heart overflowing with streams of genuine philanthropy, and beautifully becomes the pen of Emma Corbett. But believe me, believe a woman who has been connected from her infancy with men devoted to the trade of arms—believe the daughter of a veteran chief, and the widow of one who felt the military passion in all its force—believe *her* when she tells you, that such gentle arguments are never of the least consequence in the eyes, or on the mind of a soldier. They serve only to make female weakness the more pitied by the men, who think the dignity of a more resolved courage *concerned* to shew itself in *contrast*. Sometimes, it is true, the tears of a wife will excite the manly drop in the eye of an husband; but it tarries not. The voice of public fame is, on these occasions, louder than that of private affection. The world fixes

an

an earnest look on the actions of an officer. One hero inflames another: the sparks of glory pass like an electric power: the necessity of a brave *example* becomes apparent: the profession soon grows into a darling passion. The blood warms: the genius of war takes possession of every faculty: home-connections are forgotten: the scene of action terminates the prospect: the warrior can see no farther. Valour and victory seem marching before him. There is not leisure for a private emotion, and tenderness would assist the efforts of his foe. He gives himself up, therefore, nobly and absolutely, to the battle; wounds can make no impression upon him in the progress of his ardent career; and death itself is, in that moment, less terrible than defeat.

These, my lovely cousin, are not the sentiments of a theorist, but caught immediately from the lips of the very heroes who practised every action they relate. In the period of peace, few men of any order have a more elegant humanity than the English officers; and all the endearing qualifications, which make up the great domestic characters, are to be found amongst them; but in the day of contest, my cousin, a different duty calls upon them, and military fame is as easily
M wounded,

wounded, and its wounds as vital to felicity, as those of a woman.

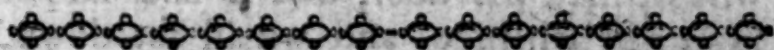
Let not your glowing pencil paint the protectors of our country as beings destitute of every tender feeling, but allow for their situation, which sometimes renders incompatible the immediate union of love and glory: or the duties of peace with the duties of war.

While I close this sentence, Louisa expresses a wish to write to you *herself*: Tomorrow she imagines that she shall be equal to the task, and she assures me that nothing which relates to the history of *her* husband and *your* brother, can come so properly from any pen as her own. In the hope of her gaining strength for the friendly effort, I will fold up my letter, and bid you farewell.

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

P. S. I find you are still indisposed, and may, perhaps, want amusement in your solitude. To this end I send you the FRAGMENT of a little military history found amongst my father's papers. It will shew you that humanity and bravery are nearly allied, and that the tender husband and good soldier often form the same character, though they cannot always exert themselves in the same moment; or, perhaps, were we to scrutinize nicely, we should,
in

in reality find, that when the soldier is hazarding his life and liberty for that of his wife, his children, his countrymen, and his King, he is *then* the tenderest lover, the worthiest husband, the best parent, the most loyal subject, and the most valuable citizen. I believe it was written by my father in his youth, and I consider it as a family relique. Adieu!



A MILITARY FRAGMENT.

THE CARBINES.



***** **O**H for the history of that wound! said I, seeing a scar upon the cheek of the person appointed to shew me the hospital! — Oh for the history of that wound!

Not worth the telling, answered the man, pointing to the stump of his left thigh, as to a more important subject of curiosity. He took me into a different quarter of the building, which presented the lodgings of those who were pensioners. In each was a small bed, a chair, and a table. The attendant's name was Julius Carbine. At a door leading into one of the apartments

he stopped; and then looked through an aperture, which commanded the room.

The luckiest of all moments, said Julius—for brother Nestor will soon be at it, and it is a day of discipline. We will enter.

Julius, said the owner of the apartment, as we entered, sit down with your company. The side of the bed was covered with a clean white cloth by a little girl who opened the door, and I had also a little girl with me, and we all sat down. It was actually the *brother*, and not the brother *soldier* only, to whom Julius introduced us. In their appearance there was a fraternal similarity, not so much consisting in the features and limbs which remained, as in the misfortunes which had happened to those invisible parts which lay scattered in different quarters of the globe.

Julius was the younger of the Carbines, and as he placed himself *sideways* upon the bed, and desired Carbine the elder (whose name was Nestor) to suspend the attack—he told his story.

We slept in the same cradle, and were nursed up for the service. Our little arms—

He flourished a stump which projected about four inches from the right shoulder
—Our little arms—

But I have begun the matter wrong and prematurely, for before I relate the account which Carbine gave of himself, I should

should offer some description of his person, as well as that of his brother Nestor. It is the stump of Julius which reminds me of this.

Carbine the elder was the remnant of a noble figure, who in the uprightness of his youth must have risen six feet from the earth perpendicularly. He had the marks of about seventy years wearing in his face—allowing for the natural vigour of his form, the invasions of incident, time, and profession. The present stoop in his shoulders was favourable to the height, or rather to the want of height in his apartment. It is not without just cause that I called Nestor a *remnant*. Nature originally mixed up in him her fairest proportions. At the time I saw him he was a capital figure reduced. For instance, if you looked him in the face, or, more properly to speak, in the residue of his face, you would perceive, in his left cheek, a deep scarification, which boasted no sort of rivalry with the glorious embrowning of the other that had received no injury. Though Nestor himself said, “the whole cheek, in comparison with the half cheek, looked like an errant poltroon.” “It is a cheek,” cried he, “which seems to have done no duty; now here,” continued he, turning the other side to view with much triumph, “here are the signs of service.”

Both the Carbines, indeed, had *served* to some purpose. In point of honorary credentials there was little cause of jealousy. Nothing could be more equally divided than the mutual marks of brotherhood in bravery. Sorely battered were the out-works of both. It is worth while to observe how the matter was settled to their satisfaction and credit. The thigh of Julius became the victim of a parapet, but then Nestor was even with him when he had the honour to drop his left arm in the counterscarp. But as if fortune did not imagine an arm, and that a *left* arm, a sufficient equivalent to a whole thigh, amputated at one decisive whizz by a cannon ball, she deprived Nestor of his right foot, which was left at the bottom of an entrenchment in Flanders. The younger Carbine had the track of a musquet visible at the extremity of his neck, and the bullets with which that musquet was charged flanted along the left jaw, carrying off some of the finest teeth in the world, and which, perhaps, are even yet to be seen in one of the fossés. To bring the military scale even, on the part of Julius, he has the good fortune to conceal under his hat (which upon account of that concealment he seldom wears) a respectable contusion, which, beginning at the left ear, swept away not only the greatest part

part of that, but all that grew in its path, from one end to the other; which distinguishing stroke is in honour of the bastion. But Julius had his *unostentatious* wounds too: his shirt covering no less than six, inso-much that his bosom was crossed this way and that, direct and transverse, like a draught-board. I detected the flush of something like victory in the countenance of Julius, as he throw open his chitterlin, and opened his shirt-collar under pretence of too much heat: but Carbine the elder checked his brother's ambition by baring his right arm to his shoulder, (or rather begging *me* to bare it) and there discovering a masked battery of blows, which were a fair match for those in the breast of Julius.

Thus were the testimonies of their prowess participated; and if (said they) either of us could have boasted a less equal division, it would have been a blow too many for our friendship, and, perhaps, have bred ill blood betwixt us.

Here the fragment is torn.

* * * * *

**** the veteran Carbines, after having platooned and pioneered it for a number of years, in the cause of their country, found

found at length, they could keep the field no longer.

They entered the Temple of Peace: but not quite on the footing of ordinary members. The senior Carbine privately enjoyed some small privileges, and the junior was in possession of the casualties, derivable from shewing the hospital to such as had the curiosity to survey it: and he hopped about with his *ruins* in a manner that engaged one's pity and admiration.

A second rent in the fragment.

* * * * *

Now Nestor was a man of inalienable affections. They were not to be subdued. The military passion was by no means dead in his bosom. The heart of the soldier was still visible in his little bed-chamber. There were to be seen, suspended from the walls, the battered corslet that had covered his breast, and the firelock, whose iron mouth was almost worn out by the loadings. They were brightly burnished, and the nicest care taken to clean them weekly.

But this was nothing. The practical part of a soldier's discipline did Nestor carry

carry on in a room of forty inches diameter.

No sooner were we all seated by the side of the bed, than a singular ceremony began. He had six sons, all little, all living for their country, and in secret training for the battle under their father. It was his custom, thrice in the week, to turn the key upon all the pensioners but his brother, and instruct his family in the art of war. Poor as he was, he had actually been at the cost of equipping them; had fitted up for them something that resembled a uniform, and, in miniature accoutrements. presented them with the sword, the musquet, and the bayonet.

The soldier's science was taught them by the veteran. One branch or another of the art military was the subject of every day. The sons of Nestor Carbine knew not the enervating luxuries of artificial heat: they thawed the severity of the seasons with nobler fires. Their education was wholly martial. At night they listened to the lecture, and their swords were drawn forth to practise what they had heard in the morn. They engaged their strengthening arms in the *mock* fight, that they might be prepared for the *real* one. It was now the evening of the ravelin, then of the flanking; now of the fortification, then of the fossé; now of the half-moon, then of the

the epaulement; now of the saps, and then of the ambuscade; now of the horn-works, and then of the bastion; now of the gabion, and then again of the mines, the parapet, the battery, or the tenaille.

They had just began an engagement as we entered the room.

It will be best related before the younger Carbine tells his story. Let him therefore repose a little longer upon the bed.

The stripping troops were drawn up three deep in the center of the room, and the object of attack was a large deal trunk set upright betwixt the contending parties. One side were to oppose and one to defend. The father was commander, and in good time came the brother, who instead of reposing on the bed as above-mentioned, sprung up with surprising agility, and hopped away to head the adverse party, making a kind of warlike music with a little drum tattoo'd by the timber instrument that served him for an arm. Nestor, meantime, assumed a whistle which served for a clarionet.

The engagement was carried on in the exactest military order; they advanced, they retreated, they railed, and they came on again. Every little heart panted with ambition, every eye sparkled with expectation of victory. The mimic ardour soon became real, and the two generals were

were themselves wrought up into a serious sensation. Julius shouted, and Nestor encouraged. But, presently, the aspect of the battle altered, for one of the *besiegers*, (a boy of uncommon bravery) took one of the *besieged* prisoner. The conqueror flourished his little foil, but the captive shed tears of slavery and sorrow. The general on the worsted side affected to be dismayed. His opponent, spirited up his army, pursued his victory, took a *second* of the enemy prisoner, and the town (that is, the *box*) was taken.

A shout of joy was heard on one side, while the poor remains of the conquered troops fled to a corner that was the interior encampment behind the bed. Julius beat the dead march with his wooden-drumstick: but Nestor and his troops, having burst the city gates, (that is, the *box lid*) proceeded to plunder. It contained all the magazines of the enemy, consisting of new foils, martial caps, belts, wooden bayonets, confections and fruits. These were the prizes of conquest. They were all fairly won, and divided amongst the victors according to seniority. The little girl, who had sat on the bed, now sprung up, took a small osier basket from a hook, and strewed flowers in the path of the victorious, singing a song of triumph as they marched round the room. The ceremonies,

nies, however, being over, both parties came forward, and shook hands very heartily in token of good will, and then the affair ended with "God save great George our King" and a general huzza.

* * * * *

—Our little arms, continued Julius, (whom I will interrupt no more) were nursed into early vigour for the field; for our father, whose bones —

May every Saint bless them, said Nestor!

—have been reposing more than half a century, in different parts of Flanders and Germany, struck first into that mode of training which my brother has adopted. Other people's children have playthings given them, because, forsooth, they whimper for them; but we were never allowed so much as a hoop or a top till we gained it by a victory. We knew the difficulty of obtaining the prize, and valued it the more; and thus were fitted for deeds of hardihood, ere other infants had an idea of glory.

Poor creatures! said Nestor's second son scornfully.

We could vault upon the steeds of the menage before *they* could keep the saddle
of

of their wooden ponies. Ripe for practice, we were sent forth, at an early age, to the field, and both of us entered as volunteers in the service of our country.

We did so, said Nestor.

Nature—for which stump as I am, I still thank her—gave us no bad forms; and though we took the field with faces as effeminate as that of our mother,—[You was reckoned the very model of her, you know, Nestor]—yet the first campaign left us no room to blush upon that score. Our virgin engagement happened in the hottest glow of the summer, and we were soon rid of a delicacy which is inglorious on the front of a soldier. Oh with what pleasure did we contemplate the alterations at our return!

I remember it, said Nestor, smiling.

The traits of the mother were quite worn out by the weather. In every lineament there was seasoning. The sun had written hero in our countenances, and we rejoiced in the dignity of the tan.

But mark the joke, sir; a fantastical pair of wenches pretended to love us, in our fair-weather suit of features, before we made the first fally, that is, before we were *worth* loving; but took it into their heads to quarrel with our appearance the very moment we returned. They wanted still to see the red and white of the *woman*, and so took to themselves new para-

N

mours.—

mours.—The jades gave us up, sir, for a couple of fellows who would shudder at the patter of a hail-storm.

So much the better, said Nestor. We have had the satisfaction to see one of the rascals hanged for sheepstealing, and the other you know is to be put into the pillory this day se'ennight.

And I'll be prepared for him, I warrant ye, exclaimed one of the boys.

No, child, said Nestor: he is no mark for the son of a soldier.

After this, sir, we had no lazy periods of peace. Some part or another of Europe was continually beating the drum or sounding the trumpet in the ear of England. It was our duty to go forth in her defence.

Father, said the eldest of the boys, when is it likely we shall have a *war*?

My brother, sir,—(continued Carbine, who was not put out by any family remarks) my brother, sir, had the honour of the first misfortune.

You do not call it by a right name, said Nestor.

He triumphed in the first testimony of the warrior.

I am an elder brother, said Nestor, and the first blow was my birth-right.

But I was soon even with him: for, towards the close of the campaign, a random shot—when I was thinking of nothing less,
gave

gave the fore fingers of my left hand to the enemy. In that condition we entered into winter quarters.

But no sooner was my brother cured of the wound in his face——

You may see the mark of it here, sir, said Nestor.

——in his face, than he received one much deeper in his heart!

In his *heart*, cried the youngest of the six sons, clapping his hand on his father's side?—why, you joke: here it is alive and merry now. I can feel it beat.

God keep it so, answered the eldest. It will be a fore day for us when that stops, I promise thee.

Give me thy hand, Ferdinand, said Nestor; and brother, do you go on with your story, for it entertains the gentleman and his little daughter, and I like to hear it. You were always good at a story from a child, Go on.

——would you believe it, sir, that a fellow so sliced should have the impudence to attack one of the prettiest girls in England?

In the *world*, you might have said, cried Nestor, shaking his knee.

——like a brave boy of the blade, he pushed his point right on, turned his *worst* side to the wench, and insisted upon her taking the scars as a recommendation.

Why they *were* so, said Nestor, holding his knee still while he spoke.

—in this manner he continued to batter the citadel which trembled in the bosom of the poor girl, and in less than a month (no time at all for such a siege) he entered the fair castle of her affections in triumph.

By the blood that I have shed, sir, said Nestor, and by the drops which yet flow in my body, Frances was the best and bravest wench that ever lay by the side of a soldier.

Nestor, said Julius, hold your tongue. —His limbs, sir, were almost constantly on the move. War carried them away. What of that? His joke was ready. Never mind, Frances, (would he say to his wife) I am the winner yet. Fear nothing. Were I reduced to my trunk, I should flourish still, my girl. A soldier, whose children have blood in their veins, is invulnerable. He is immortal in his sons.

Let us *engage*, father! said one of the boys eagerly, as he brandished his foil.

Thus would my brother heal up the wounds of the war; but be that as it may, wounds are but sorry things in a family. Often has my brother disputed with me on this subject. "Julius, (would he say) thou art but half a loyal subject still—*thou* givest to thy country the services only of an individual, while *I* furnish it with the force of a whole family. As an *individual*, thou must soon die; but hast thou taken care to multiply

multiply thyself as I have done, thou mightest well expect to live and conquer these thousand years. Brother, brother, it is a false notion; a soldier ought of all men in his majesty's dominions the soonest to marry: he ought indeed." Notwithstanding this, sir, I could never be prevailed upon. No, though an honest girl offered to sling my knapsack across her shoulder after the loss of my thigh. To confess the plain truth to you, I did not like certain ceremonies betwixt my brother and sister, at their partings. Frances indeed wept but little, but in my opinion, she *looked* a much deeper sorrow than is to be expressed by a pair of wet eyes.

Nestor hemm'd violently.

And as to my brother, though he cocked his hat fiercely—pretended to have caught cold—rubbed up his accoutrements, and blustered mightily, he never was steadily himself—and how the devil *should* he be—for a week after. These things, sir, are against the grain. The brush of a bullet is nothing at all: it may take of your head, or it may only take off your hat: either way, no great matter—but the cries of a woman—the piercing agonies of a wife to come across one's thoughts in the last moments—no, sir, —no, damn it—there is no bearing that—I will live and die a batchelor!

But this is not the worst, sir. *Death* sometimes comes at the bottom of the account to *unsoldier* a man. He knocked at brother Nestor's door, and carried Frances away while she was nursing him of a fever into which he was thrown by the pain of a wound. Zounds! that was a terrible day, Nestor, was it not?

Terrible! said Nestor, turning his head from the company.

She died suddenly. Courage, said I, brother. He waved his hand and spoke not. Brother, said I, have courage. "Fool, replied he, in a passion—(if he had called me so in cold blood, I would have had him out)—Fool, said he, (in a way that one could not but forgive him, stamping his foot on the ground at the same time) am I, thinkest thou, before GOD ALMIGHTY or the enemy? What has courage to do before HIM? thou should'st tell me to be *patient*. I said no more: for the poor Frances lay dead before his eyes; and there-being but one bed of any size, the living and the dead lay together.

Child, (said Nestor to the little girl, his daughter, who was sobbing at the side of the bed, with her apron thrown over her eyes)—come hither. Thou art *like* thy mother—kiss me.

Nestor (continued Julius) tied the crape round his arm, and his soul was in mourning. He gave Frances to the earth. Decency—
Go

Go no farther, said Nestor.

—Decency required *my* attendance, sir. My poor Carbine shed then the first tears that I ever saw upon his cheek. Oh! he was melted down into something softer than his mother. He wanted to prevent the man from striking the nails into the coffin.—

Julius, GO NO FARTHER, I say, (cried Nestor) pressing his daughter close to his breast.

I wish my uncle would hold his tongue, said one of the boys.

He opened the closed lid, and peeped in, (continued Julius.) He cast a lingering look into the grave. He drew his hand gently over the coffin as the sexton was beginning to lower it. He kneeled down to see that it was put *softly* into the ground. He let it go, and said he was perfectly resigned; then came away, and then returned, then went off a second time, and sought the grave again, wringing his hand, and declaring he was perfectly resigned all the time—

Wilt *kill* me, Julius? said Nestor; stop, I say!

—in short sir, he—he—he—did so many things upon that occasion, that, surely, if a man has any love for a woman, he ought to be a batchelor.

The

The fragment is here defaced, and illegible for some pages.

* * * * *

*** after the engagement, the solemn thoughts again came on. Julius rubbed his face twice or thrice along the pillow, and declared that while the wind continued in that quarter, his old aches would twinge him a little.

And in this hospital, fir, we are now laid up for life, said Julius.

He rubbed his face again upon the pillow. Well, said he rising, every dog has his day!

Upon this Nestor began to whistle:—not one of those tunes, which arises from vacancy, but a whistle truly contemplative; it was more slow and pensive as he proceeded, and in its closing cadence, a tear started from his eyes. Streaming almost to the borders of the upper lip, it settled there, and though as he waved his head backwards and forwards, it trembled upon the edge of his cheek, it did not fall.

When he had opened the door, I stole an opportunity to put something into his hand.

He took it as money ought to be taken by a brave or worthy man who wants assistance, and sees no shame in receiving it.

A sober

A sober smile came into his countenance: but the TEAR continued.

His daughter's hand was still closed in his, but she looked at the tear, and was taking out her handkerchief.

Let it alone, my dear, said Nestor. IT IS YOUR MOTHER'S.

How are the Carbines to be envied, said I, when we were stepping into the street!

You flatter us, replied Nestor, bowing gently.

I went two paces, and turned back.

The tear had verged off, possibly while he was bowing.

It had got upon my little girl's face; and there it hung like a dew-drop from a rosebud.

Good God, said I, how rapid an exchange!

In saying this I found it had vanished from the cheek of my daughter, in the time that I was making the exclamation!

Alas, it is quite gone then! said I.

No upon lifting my hand to my face sometime after, I found the precious offering of sympathy had changed a *third* time its residence, and was trembling on my own cheek. I blessed it and *

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LETTER

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LETTER LXII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

I HAVE been penning a narrative, at every interval from pain; and by the next post, it shall be dispatched to Emma, from whom I desire anxiously to hear all that concerns her happiness and her health.

LOUISA CORBETT.

LETTER LXIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THE interview is past, and fresh horrors are heaped upon the bleeding heart of
EMMA.

P. S. Oh, what does your Caroline's fragment prove, but that war, at best, is *terrible* as glorious!

LETTER LXIV.

MR. CORBETT TO HIS AGENT.

THE money cannot possibly be raised, and the ruin is compleat of the wretched

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

THE days of drollery are no more. The character of my heart is changed. Emma is sick. Her father is labouring with some deep and concealed calamity, and from these incidents of the family you will gather the unhappy situation of

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER LXVI.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

I KNOW not whether I shall live long enough to relate the horrors of my situation!

On the evening of the day that I desired the suspension, I felt an impulse, more strong and more sacred than that of common curiosity, to know the full scope of my suspicions.

Before this interview, my distress appeared sufficiently great. Alas! we are continually exclaiming that the heart will break, without knowing what additional burthens it will bear, even when we think it is *most* surcharged.

Come hither, dear Emma, said my father—drawing me gently to him—his hand trembling as he touched my gown.

—Come

—Come hither, I want to thank you for the long series of soft compliances, which your dutiful heart hath poured into this aged bosom. *But* for thee, my child, your unfortunate father would have no pillow to support him.

Unfortunate, sir, did you say?

O *most* unfortunate, my Emma! I am in distress—*worldly* distress. And it is so extreme, that I have been compelled (ah, hard necessity!) to dispose of my fair mansion, which hath more than a century owned a Corbett for its Lord. This very room, my dear, which gave—oh spare me, Emma—this very room, the consecrated spot of *thy nativity*, is now another's; and so are the late hereditary lands that smile around it. The ruin has been *deliberate* too; and I have concealed it from every eye, even (and indeed chiefly) from *thine*, till now, that I am in the *arms of poverty*. There is, at this moment, an execution entering my house in London; which contains the last reliques of a fortune, that, some years since, amounted to an hundred thousand pounds.

—That accursed war!—that dire *American* contention!—that civil fury which hath separated the same interests of the same people!

Here it begins, my child! but where will it close? Oh slavery—oh imprisonment! how terrible are thy horrid walls
and

and galling fetters to *one* whose bosom burns with the divine flame of liberty!—how insupportable to an old man!—to a father, whose daughter's *consequence* in life must flow from *his*.

O thou lovely stream from a fountain whose sources are stopped——what, *what* is to be done?

The *decisive* blow came yesterday upon me. I had, ere this, in reserve, one rich casket—but it is gone: the last capture has deprived us of it. It would have been enough for *my* age and for *your* youth, but the post of yesterday——

It is unnecessary to detail the calamity. It is crushing: it is irremediable: it is ruinous. I am in beggary.

Oh, Emma! bred up to elevated expectations, what is to become of thee? Your brother is slain. Your father old and enervated, a prey to pain of body from the most piercing of human disorders, and to anguish of mind, from reflections the most cutting. Your property both at home and abroad (for mine was naturally your's) lost or despoiled!

Oh, Emma! what is to become of thee? Would you renovate my youth—would you rebuild your fortunes?——

I could not speak, Louisa.

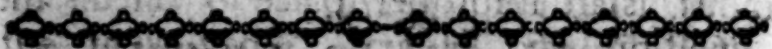
If you *would*, continued my father, receive with a smile those accents which inform you, there is a gentleman—rich, ge-
O
nerous,

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nerous, virtuous, worthy, and of whom you have a good opinion—a gentleman who would esteem the *hand of Emma*—

—Ah, what have I said—oh shameful sacrifice!—pardon, pardon me, my child. You shall *not* be *sold*, my love. No, no: let us be above the sordid commerce. Let us enter the gloomy gates together. Let us be poor—let us be necessitous—let us combat the common wants of nature—but let us not be *contemptible*.

I sunk, death-like, into his arms, a weeping father's arms, which staggering under their burthen, bore me to the bed. There I still lie: and there, probably in a few days—Oh farewell to EMMA.



LETTER LXVII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.*

NO, my loved sister, I will not, cannot, send a long story. A few pages will comprise the main circumstances; and let those suffice till days of future conversation. Your father had ever an ambition to enlarge the fortune of his Edward by marriage: and Edward had already sufficient to his wishes. He acquainted his father of the love which he bore to Louisa. It produced a dispute. My brother happened

* Prior to the receipt of the above.

to

to be present. He entered, as your father exclaimed, "What but beggary can be expected with a girl like Louisa Hammond, of scarce an hundred pounds a year!"—The conversation stopped.

Sir, (said Henry to Edward, when they were alone) had any man living but Emma's father spoke in those terms to my sister, he should have been punished for it severely.—I love *Emma Corbett*, and to her he is indebted for——

And I love *Louisa Hammond*, sir, (replied your brother) but my father has an arm of his own, and that failing, he has that of a *son*, to defend him from the insults of a boy, should he *dare* to——

It is an improper place to discuss the question, said Henry. They went out. Henry commanded Edward, in terms of intolerable severity, never to offer his hand to Louisa, while Edward insisted, that Henry should desist from farther engaging the affections of Emma. The inhibition was promised to be observed, and a breach of it was to terminate in the last frightful decision amongst men. Edward ceased his visits, and I knew not the cause. Henry did the same, and you was equally ignorant of the motive. I fell sick; a fever seized my spirits, and my life was despaired of. Edward heard of my illness, and came to visit me at a time that he knew Henry was from home. He found

me in the extremity—the fever was become putrid, and the physician ordered no one to approach my breath any nearer than could be avoided; the bed was strewn with the herbs which are supposed to prevent infection. Regardless to this, and every other image of self-preservation, Edward rushed into my chamber, threw himself upon his knees by the side of the bed, and hung his head over my face, which received and welcomed the tender tears that were streaming from his eyes. O! Louisa, Louisa, (said he) I can bear it no longer! At these words Henry was heard upon the stairs, Edward leaped up—Heavens! said he, can it be possible, is Henry returned? Well, it is no matter. My brother entered the room, and at the sight of Edward stepped back, like a man astonished. Edward ran up to him, threw his arms about his neck, and insisted that the embrace should be returned. Oh Henry, he exclaimed, too long have we mutually suffered a false delicacy to prevail. Enough have we sacrificed to pique, for Emma and Louisa have been the victims. I heard that your sister was dying, and I could not deny myself the mournful privilege of a friend—will you chide me for it, Henry?—will you still withhold your hand and your heart from the brother of Emma Corbett? *Will you?* This was the first moment I had been informed of
the

the dispute. The surprise was too much for me in the *firmest* state of my constitution. In the condition I *then* was, it had well-nigh proved fatal. All which my strength suffered me to do was to raise myself on my pillow, fold my hands in the attitude of intreaty, and with feeble accents to implore, they would spare my last moments, and not embitter them by *their* enmity.

Ere I had uttered this, Henry and Edward were weeping on the necks of each other, and Henry said, alas! Edward, I *owe* you more than this, for on my part was the promise first broken. I have secretly maintained the usual correspondence with Emma, since she has been away: and found the *tenderness* superior to the *anger* of my temper. Indeed we have *both* been wrong. Henceforward, let us be *more* than friends—if possible, let us be brothers. Shall we not, my Edward?

Again, Emma, I clasped my hands, and a sudden sense of joy came over me that gave a turn—a *happy* turn to my disorder. I recovered. It was agreed between us that the *cause of the quarrel*, and the means of the reconciliation, should be equally a secret. The families were re-united, and none but Edward, Henry, and Louisa, could account for the late coolness on the part of the two former. But the harmony was not of long duration;—it was

again interrupted by your father's violence in the cause of *America*, opposed to that of my brother in the cause of *Great-Britain*. Edward sided with the former, and, though it no longer prevented an intercourse between us, it threatened an eternal separation of political interests. At the same time Henry was permitted to address you, and Edward continued openly his partiality for me. Nay, your father at last declared, he hoped still to see two countries restored to the embraces of each other, and two happy matches to felicitate their union. You were, my dear Emma, fortunately from home on a visit during most of these transactions, and your Henry did not think it prudent to break the thread of an elegant affection by the little jarrings that were happening to cross it at home. The contest now became fierce on the other side of the Atlantic, and threatened to carry bloodshed and rapine to that part of the continent where Edward had property. Louisa, said he to me, one evening, I must cross the seas: my fortune is in danger: it concerns equally you and me, that I should endeavour to defend it, yet I will wait another month to hear the event of terms that are proposing between the countries—if they produce *peace*, you know how ready I shall be to continue in England; if they *fail* of that end, you must have resolution enough to
part

part from me for a short season. But, continued he, as no man can tell the chances of the slightest separation, I ardently wish to call you by the tenderest of all human titles, *mine* before I go. *Publicly* this cannot be done, for though my father affects to consent, our union would make him unhappy. No, Louisa: let our happiness be known only to ourselves till it is proper to communicate it. Impart it not, till my return at least, to Emma, to Henry, or to any part of the family. I have my reasons for it, even more strong than those that have been already related.

Soon after this conversation, Emma, we were privately married, and none of the appointments that led to the ceremony, or which succeeded it, were discovered or suspected. Previous to the voyage of my hapless husband, he put into my hand a sealed paper, containing his will, and he desired I would not open it till his return. In the fond hope of that return being possible, I have, till within these few days, kept the seal unbroken, and now, alas! I find it is a testamentary disposal of his property abroad, bequeathed entirely to me as sole executrix. —

Yes, my dear Emma, there is a fatherless Edward, and Heaven only knows whether the father had any knowledge of its birth before he died. I repeatedly sent letters, full of all a mother's minute and
affecting

affecting solicitude, but I received no replies. To Mrs. Arnold, dear and generous friend as she is, I owe the power of keeping my husband's secret, notwithstanding an event that promised to betray it. The poor little one was lately taken ill, and his death every moment expected. It was that (oh Nature!) made me write the disordered scrawl, which intreated Emma to forbear her visit. On my reaching the house of our worthy Caroline, I found the cold hand of death lay heavy on my child. I wept sore. I offered up the prayer of the desolate widow, not *wholly* to bereave me; and begged (ah how earnestly) the blessed God to restore *me* or receive *both*.

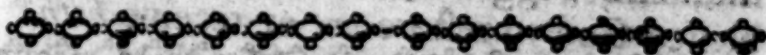
My prayer was heard. My child grew well. Your letter came in the warmest, newest, and most melting moment of matron extacy. The smile of the babe was in my eye, and in my heart. I saw *miniatur'd* forth, the features of the murdered Edward. Oh the beautiful extreme of rapture! It grew too big for bearing. I devoured my child with kisses. I ran with weeping joy to Mrs. Arnold. I thought of thee, oh lovely Emma, as of Edward's sister, and I gave thee, in that charmingly unguarded period, the dear deposit of my bosom, which none but Caroline shares with thee.

Edward, the *infant* Edward, sleeps as I write this. His gentle breathing is as
the

EMMA CORBETT. 153

the music of the spheres to his mother's ear. Ah, had there been a pause—a stop—an *eternal* stop in that harmony, what should I have done? But he lives, and I will not murmur. Oh for health to rear his tender youth! Emma, you are his aunt, and oh, should this feeble frame fail to hold out so long as he may want a protector, and when alas, will that cease to be!—will you not—ah will you not be unto him a mother? Consider that he has as *many* claims upon you. He is the son of Edward, your brother, and the child of

LOUISA.



LETTER LXVIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

O Wonder-working Providence! I feel your intelligence, dearest M^s. Corbett, in every vein! I acknowledge you as a friend. I receive you as a sister. But *there* is the *boundary* of my power. Embrace your child, and do not complain. Louisa, you may now receive an example of patience from the fortitude of Emma. The father and the child are both in the bed of sickness, and both labouring in the dire extremes of distemper and distress. I can no more. Farewell. I murmur not.

EMMA.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

CASTLEBERRY is the seat of confusion, and calamity. It seems, as if I were doomed to be the murderer of my guests. I can impute the illness of parent and child to no other cause, than because the one too much *desires* a match, which the other with too much reason *detests*.—Oh, mighty God! the mystery is explained. Let the *inclosed* speak it, for I have not power to transcribe.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER LXX.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.*

IAM not made for hypocrisy. You see the gloom of my soul. It sits in my countenance; nor am I able to disguise it. It is now *my* turn to desire you will deal with *me* plainly. Within a few hours my fortunes are altered so much for the worse, that it is impossible for me to desire you will advance farther in the treaty relating to Emma. I cannot now give her a single guinea; all she will ever have, is three thousand pounds, which is a legacy: nor

* The inclosed.

can I expect your passion to weigh down every pecuniary consideration. Three thousand pounds, Sir Robert, is *poverty* to what my child might have expected. Suffer us then to depart. I am stung to the quick by various wrongs. By the close of the week I hope we shall be well enough to set out. Excuse the awkwardness of corresponding under the same roof. There are points that cannot be spoken to. This is one. I venerate and love you. But do not mention the subject to Emma, or to

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER LXXI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THERE wanted no fresh impediments. They were manifold and mighty enough before. To pursue my intentions after what I am now told, would be *indeed* impracticable. I should tremble to approach Emma, lest I should seem to act the part rather of a purchaser than a lover. O, I blame not that lovely pride which poverty begets in a generous mind. Shall I barely *bargain* for the hand of Emma? Yet how shall I resign it? Let me think.

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* I have

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*** I have hit upon an expedient, Mr. Corbett: but it will want your suffrage and assistance. There is but one way left to honour and oblige me, and I call on you by the rights of ancient friendship to comply with my request.

—No, it cannot be. It will not bear reflection. I must submit to my fate. But do not leave me yet, Repose. Recover. Meditate what is best to to be done. Tell me the extent of your misfortune, and let us mutually concert its mitigation.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



L E T T E R LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

THE irresolute note which I sent this morning to your chamber, is not worth your attempting to decypher. I wanted to express my sympathy of your present misfortune in a way more answerable to the emotions of my friendship. I wished to gather such knowledge of some persons *connected with your loss*, as might enable me to plan some pious fraud to relieve your situation without wounding your delicacy. But I should make bungling work of it, and destroy the felicity I intended to promote. I am a man of plain feelings, and have no dexterity of address when it

is necessary to adorn them. Accept then, dear Corbett, of an honest mind, in lieu of elegant manners. Is any decoration necessary to introduce a friendly circumstance?—and if there is not, wherefore do I thus lengthen the preface?

Corbett, I am one of those whom the world calls an unthrifty fellow: for I value money merely as it conduces to my happiness. My happiness depends on society, and not on myself alone. I have fixed it in the dear domestic circle that encloses Emma and her father. Beyond that barrier I do not desire to wander; and if I can promote their felicity, my own will, of necessity, be complete. You see my system. It is simple and concise. By uncommon chance I am become rich, you know. The sum I possess is too much to be dissipated, and not enough if I had a passion to accumulate. It is quite sufficient to render three persons happy, so far as happiness takes its colour from money. Amongst three persons then let it be divided; but let only two of those know the source by which the third is supplied. You may easily persuade Emma to believe (what indeed will be true) that by an unexpected turn, your losses are repaired. She will be too much rejoiced at the event to teaze herself about the means. Or, if she *should* enquire, her curiosity is of a tender kind, and will readily be pacified.

ed. I hope you love me too well to make scruples, and yet I shall prepare myself to combat them. It is really a very hard and mortifying thing, that these *bare-weight* duties betwixt friend and friend, should be so rare as to make the offer of them a matter of embarrassment; as if there was nothing expected in society but its etiquette and professions. All I desire is, that you will lose no time in settling your affairs, and no otherwise remember the *mode* by which they are accommodated, than as it may impress your bosom with tender sensations, and strengthen the cement of that alliance which is formed between us. With Emma, I will (on the above conditions) take my chance as before, but for the wealth of worlds I would not have her acquainted with a tittle of our private transactions. Nor must you attempt to sway her. Leave her to the same chances as would *before* have happened. It is very unreasonable that I should expect her to marry *me* for *affection*: but, for Heaven's sake, save me the distress of accepting the sacrificed hand of gratitude. I am glad it is in my power to offer my testimonies of friendship to you before she has been *influenced*. I will be with you presently, and you shall have no prejudices of custom about you, till you detect any thing of (what is foolishly called)

called) the wisdom of the world, clinging to the hand or the heart of

ROBERT RAYMOND.



L E T T E R LXXIII.

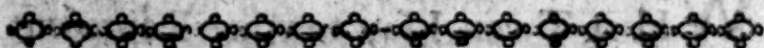
TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

W H A T can I say to you? Represent to yourself an old man bathing his pillow with the tears of his heart, and suddenly struck, first with fortune, then with transport! Oh Raymond, Raymond, the world sees these friendships too seldom to authorise our accepting them: and many a man has been ruined because custom permitted him not to be much obliged. My misfortunes, indeed, have arisen from the dire casualties of war, and not from the wasting luxuries of peace. Public desolation, and not private vice, has produced them. Yet—the sum so large—the situation so critical—the—

Well, well, I will try to recover myself, and we will converse: but I tremble strangely. I almost think I could *make* such an offer, even at this frozen time of life, for my heart is yet warm, but oh! how shall I bring myself to *receive* it? I could bear your superiority, but how can I—

—The world is too strong for the stoutest of us, Sir Robert. At what a pitch must vulgar errors have arrived, and what a miserable age must we live in, when the hand of liberality itself *trembles* while it is extending, lest its motive should—

—in short, my friend, I cannot write, but come to me. CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER LXXIV.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

IFANCY there was some *mistake* in the letter that I inclosed from Corbett: for I find his affairs are all re-adjusted, and the generous refusal of my overtures to Emma (at a time when most parents would think them most acceptable) has no longer force. The prohibition is taken off, and I am again at liberty to make myself tenderly unhappy.

Corbett is now as much recovered in health, as in his circumstances, and word is just brought that Emma is better. O my heart! how shall I support the sight of her!—If her sickness has made any great alteration—if she appears to be in pain, or in any kind of danger, I shall assuredly discover myself. Methinks I have more fondly wish'd myself her husband since her confinement and indisposition, than while she

she was rejoicing in health and pleasure. I do not desire to unite myself to her beauty, more than to her weakness and distress. Surely, Frederick, the tender offices of a friend are *most* amiable, where they are *least* observed by the world. The feeblenesses to which the tender frame of woman is subject, are, perhaps, more seducing than her bloom. The *healthy* flower looks superior to protection, and expands itself to the sun in a kind of *independent* state; but in nursing that which *droops* (sweetly dejected) and is ready to fall upon its bed, our care becomes more dear, as it becomes more *necessary*. It is the *parent* and the *friend* rather than the mere *gardener*, that, on *such* an occasion, influences: and indeed it will, I believe, be found upon all occasions, that the gentlest parts of our nature are the best; and objects are beloved in proportion, not as they are strong, forcible, and defended, but as they are gentle, unresisting, and pathetic.

Emma dines below stairs. I have not seen her for several days. In the present state of my heart, Frederick, can you not imagine the nature of a sensation which partakes equally of hope and fear? If you *can*, you will ascertain the present situation of

Your

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER LXXV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

YES, my dear child, what I asserted to you this morning is true. By a chance seldom happening to persons in distress, I have recovered myself. It was like a recovery in the last struggling moment of a man's life; for had the relief been delayed longer, it would have been the death of my credit, and you would have mourned over these white hairs in a *prison*. Oh! the *means*, the MEANS, my child, by which this mighty blessing was effected! The generous hand, the generous heart, from whence——but I am forbid to speak. Cannot you *guess*? No! It is impossible! It seems to be a flight too sublime—too near Heaven for any earthly power to ——And yet if there *should* be any human being, who has rescued your father from shame, and yourself from indigence—if, oh Emma, there *should* be such a character, moving under your eye, and inviting your notice, what—what are the emotions, what the sentiments you owe him?

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

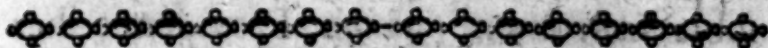
EMMA CORBETT. 163

LETTER LXXVI.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

FREDERICK, I have again beheld the source of my admiration and distress. She came: she sat at table: said a few words in a silver voice: sighed softly, and retired. I never beheld any "mortal creature of earthly mould" so touchingly sweet. She is more interesting as she is less in her bloom. Sorrow has taken the rose out of her cheek, and left only the lilly, which seems charmingly to lament the loss of its companion. She rises every moment upon me; and sickness, which has weakened *her frame*, appears to have given strength to *my affection*. My wishes are augmented, but my expectations are not advanced. I see the policy of retreat, and while I *acknowledge* it, am preparing to go on. Yes, Frederick, I am resolved to open the subject, and that immediately. Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER LXXVII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

TH E S E transactions are almost too much for me—but I welcome the dear
agitating

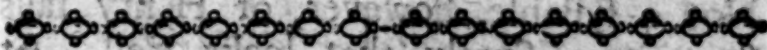
agitating stroke that gives felicity to my father. As the billet which expresses it came to hand, I was about to seek your bosom, my venerable parent, and *there* assure you with how chearful a *heart* I would follow you through every turn of your fortune, and with how ready a *hand* I would labour for our subsistence. I had prepared many a tender argument to prove the *frugality of nature*, and to shew how easily and how cheaply she might be supplied. I would have represented to you the sweets of a couch which should have been smoothed by a daughter's care; and of wholesome viands, provided by your child. Nor should I have failed to remind you of what, in your tenderness rather than in your hurry, you have forgotten; namely, that sum of *three thousand pounds* which, in right of my late uncle, I am to inherit;—nor of those glittering baubles which it would be *infamous* in Emma to *reserve* or to *wear* while her father is in distress. But these arguments are unnecessary, as you are restored to happiness, and there is, it seems, some noble instrument which Providence has made use of to produce the blessing. What sentiments and what sensations I owe to both, need scarcely be made a question. If my soul is not insensible, it must pour itself forth in gratitude and prayer, in wonder and in praise. But still,

still, methinks, this friendship should be accepted sparingly, my dear father. While a large sum of money is within the compass of our *own ability*, should not our first application be to that, and——

Pray forgive me; you taught me to love the language of nature, and must not be angry when occasion calls it forth. Benevolence is a beam from Heaven, and descends into the heart of a man to inspire and to cheer: but if we do not properly *economize* it; if we are *lavish of the lustre*, and do nothing of ourselves, while it is darting upon us——

——in short, my father, I feel myself a little *jealous* that, when it became necessary for you to place a confidence in any *second* being, you did not shew your usual affection for

EMMA.



LETTER LXXVIII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

SOON after breakfast this morning, while Corbett and I were walking in the garden, he took hold of my hand, and laying it to his breast, said, "Now then, Sir Robert, is the time: my daughter is recovered. Take an opportunity to display your generous attachment. [Faith, Frederick, I do not see the generosity of trying

ing to possess a fine young woman] I will give you an opportunity, (continued Mr. Corbett) and pray Heaven it be in her power to give you the possession of her hand and her heart."

IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Corbett informs me that Emma is now gone into the library. She is, he says, all *tenderness* to-day. It is then the crisis of declaration; the season most proper to speak; and I think I was never more *unfit* for the undertaking. O that I were younger, handsomer, less rich, and more engaging. Indeed, I wish most of those things altered, with which, till I beheld Emma Corbett, I was perfectly satisfied. Not a syllable, however, of Henry falls from her. Surely that looks well. At what a *twig* doth the *drowning* catch! I will not close this letter till I can add to it the particulars of our conference.

IN CONTINUATION.

It is past. It is decided. I have read my fate, without disclosing my condition. I entered the library, and found Emma—
ah,

ah, how shall I describe to you the situation in which I found her! She had been observing the ravages of war, as they are figured in the prints which are hung around the room. I saw the tears still standing in her eyes. O those eyes!

And what has been the matter, Emma, said I?

I have been weeping over the representation of a *complete victory*, replied Emma. She then traced the bloody progress of the pictured battle, and in all the pathos of philanthropy addressed me thus:

“O Sir Robert, behold the images of conquest and defeat! Observe two mighty hosts of human beings met together, after the most deliberate plans of attack, to butcher one another—to perpetrate *generally* that very crime which, in any *particular* instance, is punished by the restitution of a shameful death. To destroy an individual is ignominy; but at the massacre of an army, the trumpet sounds its note of boldest triumph. The gallows and the halter, the awful trial or gloomy dungeon preceding these, are prepared for him, who, in the phrenzy of passion, or the raging of desire, deprives the irritating object of farther *power* to torment; while the laurel and the bay contribute to the garland of *those heroes*, who, after returning from the cities they have depopulated, and the territories they have laid waste,
come

come blushing home in all the honours of blood and slaughter——

She paused a moment. A glow of generous scorn was in her eye, and she again extended her white arm along the picture, and proceeded.

“Here, sir, you may observe, lawful and *glory-crowned murder*, exhibited in every form. See—see, into that wretch’s quivering side, the ball has just entered!—Here lies a head severed from the body.—There are the mangled reliques of an arm torn from the shoulder; and there the wounded horses are trampling upon their wounded masters.

“Rights—territories—and privileges, disputed or invaded, are the great justifications ! Poor, puerile, and insufficient!

“——Ah, EARTH, thou common parent—thou whose nourishing bosom furnishes to *all* the children of *content* that will *cultivate* thee, how art thou made the object of ambition, and the motive of sanguine altercation! Into what ridiculous portions of ideal property art thou cut out? How art thou quarrelled, how contended for? How often doth the bounteous sun that shines upon thy surface to expand the grain, and to cherish thy various productions—Oh, how often do his beams retire, and leave thy verdant mantle dipt in gore! Yet thou hast *thyself*, (improvident mother of these wrangling emmets)

emmetts) thou hast *thyself* been, in some measure, accessory to these horrors. Oh! that pernicious and fascinating *drofs* that glows within thee! Why was not the mischievous radiance concealed?—Why was the cunning and the curiosity of the child thus permitted to rip the *very bowels of its parent*, and wage unnatural war with his brother about the division of the spoil? Avarice and ambition are of the same family, and assist the vices of each other: the one delights in plunder, the other in havock by which it is obtained.

“——But yonder the ruin is more rapid and glorious—behold in yonder corner they are employed in removing the dying and the dead. In that lacerated body there yet seems life. It is panting in the picture!—how the streams of— Ah my God! the hoof a horse seems ready to stamp upon his bosom—another sword is pointed at his throat.—Stop, stop, barbarian—he is of thy *kind*—he is thy fellow creature—perhaps he is closely, dearly, TENDERLY connected—restrain thy sacrilegious hand—kill not her whose existence is interwoven with his—kill not his helpless *children*—respect the tender state of unprotected infancy—respect the softening bones of FAMILY—respect thy GOD. Oh! Henry, Henry, Henry, such perhaps, even such may be *thy* dire catastrophe—such Hammond, such—”

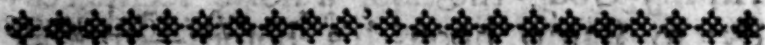
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She fell lifeless on the floor. Her soul was filled with images of the deepest horror. It was a noble *phrenzy of tenderness* and *humanity*, but it trod too quickly on her late recovery. She is again carried to her bed. Unhappy Emma!

Oh, Mr. Berkley, what remains? She has rescued me from the misery of a declaration at least. Her own passion is hopeless, yet fixed; but mine is in despair. She has added at once to my love and to my distress. What nobleness of sentiment!—What virtuous sorrow! What sacred *integrity* of attachment! I shall be glad when the time of their departure arrives. I shall ever be united to the family, but it is impossible, I find, to live longer as a part of it.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER LXXIX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE heart of your daughter, my dear friend, is not at her disposal. Let her never know a circumstance which can only render her unhappy. Yours,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

WE are returned to town. The several inclosures will acquaint you with the affecting transactions which have past since the last stop in our correspondence—a stop, my dear Louisa, made in very *sympathy*; for though you have of late repeatedly told me that you found a pathetic kind of pleasure in sharing griefs so congenial to your own, I could not but blush at the pain which I must often have created you. Yet nature at this very time—poor feeble nature, strongly prompts me to repeat the fault. My heart swells high with sorrow, and I stand in need of the participating Louisa. Nor will any *but* Louisa sooth me. Mrs. Arnold is generous and sensible, elegant and informed, but oh! she has not drank so largely of that bitter, yet salutary cup which subdues the effervescence of the spirit, and disposes us to melt at the miseries of another. She is a widow without knowing the value of her husband, and love seems a secondary passion in her mind to that of glory.

How is it, my friend, that we do not hear from Henry? Ah what an affecting difference betwixt a post-office and a ship!

O *distance*, DISTANCE, it is now I begin to feel what thou art! Join, I conjure you, Louisa, the prayer of Emma—supplicate the Power at whose command the winds and waves are still,—supplicate him in behalf of a hapless woman whose treasure is tossing on a precarious sea. Beseech that the hospitable barks may salute each other, and that their separation may alleviate mine. Implore that these things be granted, and my heart shall be at rest,

—At rest! and will my alarms be hushed by such a circumstance? Are the beating of the *billows* all I have to fear? Alas, the perils of the water are merely introductory to those of the land. Scarce will the dangers of the flood be past, ere those of the field come on. Which way then shall my petition be directed? The policy of nations, and the dictates of nature, the voice of ambition, and that of peace, are so distinct, that a perpetual war seems to be proclaimed between *divine* and *human* institutions. The tender and graceful interest which nature bids us take in the fate of those whose lives and fortunes are dear to us, make us wish well to the natives of our country, and the friends of our heart: and it is on this principle, but not for the parade of dominion, or the barbarian flush of victory, that I wish well to the cause of Henry and his associates—I do not say COUNTRYMEN, for it appears

appears that *we* are at war with these, as *they* with us: a large, and once *loving* family divided against itself. Whom are *we*, Louisa, to consider them as enemy, and whom as friend? WE suffer, alas! bitterly, from the contest on either side. Oh God of tranquillity, heal up the *mutual* wound, and suffer not that which is terrible between *different* people, even in *hostile* nations, to become more intolerably so by allowing it to rage amongst *brethren*!

The paths of military honour, Louisa, are cut through the bowels of humanity: and heroism laughs at the apostrophe of pity: but I, who want refinement to extinguish the simplicity of my sensations, shall yet persist to call even *victory* a calamity. I am extremely ill, but have relieved myself by writing. Adieu.

EMMA.



LETTER LXXXI.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I MOVE up and down, obedient to the impulse of my passion.

I am now in London, attending the sick chamber of Emma, into which I gain access only by virtue of my profession. Her affection preys fast upon her health. Yet it becomes her age, and its object is amiable.

able. It is an affection which nature, virtue, and religion, conjoin to make respectable. Youth gives it a new charm. Misfortune throws over it a tender interesting shade. Sickness adorns it with peculiar softness, and absence assists sensibility, in rendering the whole more touching.

Such is the love of Emma: while *mine* is the passion of a man who hovers round the idol of his heart with the most doating fondness, at the time that he is convinced of the folly and impropriety.

In vain, Frederick, you ridicule, invite, and advise. I cannot quit Emma. She is sick, and I am wretched. She loves another, and it does not relax the diligent attentions I pay to her virtue and her beauty. She has fallen in the path of my life, and I make a dead stop. I cannot pass on. Sneer not, jest not, but pity my sensibility; and if you choose to call it by a more censurable name, whatsoever it be, *pity me by that*.

I am trying to recover myself, but make no progress. To speak the truth, I undertake the business with reluctance, and cannot expect to succeed in it.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

TH E R E will be no occasion, my beloved girl, to to use any longer the fortunes of a daughter, or a friend. I still have a succedaneum in the care of Providence, who has, in some measure, repaired the depredations of war.

Your cousin Fanshaw is just dead, and, though he would suffer neither of us to approach him while living, (how inconsistent!) has at length made his will in my favour, annexing this remarkable codicil: "To Charles Corbett ten thousand pounds, because I hear he is a sufferer by the *war with America*; and to Emma Corbett, his daughter, (whose fortune must of course be lessened by the same means) five thousand pounds, provided she *does not marry an officer or any person concerned in promoting the contest.*"

Adieu.—Let these tidings revive you.

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER LXXXIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

BLESSED be the memory of the man whose generosity has taken such a load

176 EMMA CORBETT.

load from my heart! Yes, my dear and venerable father, I *am* revived. Sickness and sorrow stand suspended at your tidings. We have now sufficient to gratify every wish that contented natures can form. I had been casting about for means to seduce you into accepting my free-will offering of tenderness—my mite of duty; but my perplexity is relieved. Ten thousand pounds will gild the evening of a virtuous life, and three are competent to all the wants of

EMMA.



LETTER LXXXIV.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THIS yet-continued delay terrifies me. Oh what minutes have I told over—what days and weeks have I pass'd!

I conjure you to let Roberts purchase all the papers he can collect for a month back, and send them, without loss of time, to the trembling

EMMA.



LETTER LXXXV.

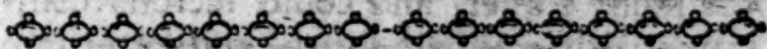
TO EMMA CORBETT.

THREE thousand pounds, my sweet daughter! why that which is properly

your

your *own* independence, is now *eight* thousand! How could you congratulate *me*, and forget to felicitate *yourself*? But you generously annihilated the latter consideration in reflecting upon the first. Such is the noble negligence of your nature. I must assist you, too, in observing, that the barriers of graceful pride are now thrown down, and the avenue open, clear, and unobstructed, to any tender partiality, which, you suppose, may gratify the expectations of your most affectionate father,

C. CORBETT.



LETTER LXXXVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I WILL not affect to misconceive you, my only parent. You seem constantly anxious to connect me with some worthy man, as the associate of my life; yet do not recollect that my choice is made, my principles fixed, and my heart *inalienably* engaged. An unsubdued veneration for truth attends me. I caught the inspiring affection I bear her, from the respectable authors of my being. It is a prejudice as early as it is amiable, and you should not wonder if I walk steadily in the way of my director. This, sir, I have often told you. I have been brought up to consider

consider the happiness of life, not as deducible from the maxims of the world, but from implicit reliance upon that power whom Heaven has seated upon the throne of the soul, as an unerring judge in all cases of moral arbitration. It has been a hard task for me to struggle with the various afflictions which have long hung over our house, and though the burst of nature has sometimes broken unawares, it was not in *those* seasons that I was the most unhappy. When only the pitying eye of God was upon me, when I sought the silent corner, and could secretly commune with my own heart, and enter into all its inclinations: then—*then*, my father, it was that the extreme of your Emma's wretchedness came over her; for she found it impossible to wean her affections from an object, one so entirely and with so good reason approved, and now so entirely, and (you will pardon me) without any solid reasons, rejected. I have not, at this period, my dearest father, collection of mind enough for much argument; but you will please to recollect that it was you who first kindled the sparks of tenderness for Henry. Besides that we were brought up together, when gentle impressions are easily admitted and unreservedly avowed, you represented him as an orphan of honour, talents, and good-sense. I depend on every thing you say, and was charmed

charmed with a sentiment correspondent to my own. The affection was full grown, and had expanded into blossom, ere you attempted to destroy, or even to check it. Then *all at once*, you said you had your reasons, (which to this hour remain partly unexplained) to desire I would think no more of Henry Hammond: yet, you averred, it was not fortune nor any other circumstance relating to what the world calls a *good match*, that created a change in your esteem. Want of *worth* I am sure it *could* not be; and yet you still persist to dissuade me from attaching myself to merit, elegance, and virtue.

I am glad this method of addressing each other by letter, though in the same house, has, by accident, been adopted. It appeared awkward at first, but hath now the familiarity of a habit. It may well be said, in *my* case, "to excuse the blush and pour out all the heart." Yet wherefore do I talk of blushing! Surely, it is not necessary. I yield not to any romantic pomps of passion. I make it not a subject, where it can be likely to create one discordant feeling. I love with simplicity and truth: and it is far beyond my power—far, even as the preservation of a solemn vow is from the breach of it to change my object but with a change of its purity. The oaths that are taken at the altar, sir, may *ratify* tenderness, but cannot

not *create* it: and amongst the sordid connections of men, it is not uncommon to be invested with the public sanction without ever receiving a private assent from the understanding or the heart. I do not think the law of the land, of itself, sufficient to make a woman happy. Marriage is a very honourable, but it may be a very miserable institution: that is, it may produce misery while it confers honour. The *ceremony* is only the *seal* of mutual love, but the *bond* should be made before; and in point of attachment I hold myself at this moment as religiously united to Henry as if all the forms of the earth had passed my lips in confirmation. The same idea will be lodged in my bosom whether that confirmation be remote or near. It is not intended by Heaven to be the affection of a year only. It is to last for life. It is to follow its object through all perils and dangers. Its holy ardour is to burn equally bright and pure, and nothing but death is to extinguish it. Thus, contracted, my father, in spirit and in truth, you will easily judge how light must be the sacrifice of my cousin's strange legacy. The *political* tenets of Mr. Hammond have nothing to do with my friendship for him. As they have carried him into a dangerous path of life, far from *me*, I so far deplore them. I choose not the *officer* but the *man*! and though it is, alas, but too unlikely

unlikely that our *personal* interests should be made *one*, yet the union of our souls is too sincere, and too strong, for five and twenty times the conditional five thousand pounds to loosen or dissolve. I felt myself about to declare that not *any* earthly motive could induce me to embrace this gorgeous bribe: but I am suddenly checked, and find, upon scrutiny into this filial bosom, O my dear, *dear* father, that *one* motive, and *only one* there *might* have been, which could make your Emma *the victim of money*.

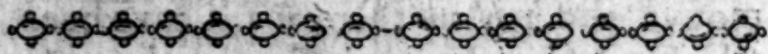
Had the late convulsions of fortune remained in their full force—had it pleased God to *increase* their violence—had all that could have been raised by the aids of property and industry proved insufficient—and had those venerable hairs been *indeed* consigned to sorrow, and none but a *daughter's* duteous hand to help a parent's poverty; in that dire case, my beloved father, if you have a true sense of my nature, you will guess what I should have been tempted to do. I should have accepted the conditions in the codicil, and secured to my father a resource from indigence at a time of his life when humanity is the least able to bear it. I would *not* then have "married an officer engaged in the national contest." Yet even *then*, my affection would remain, though its ultimate views would be changed.

R

In

In the private recesses of my soul, the image of Henry would still be engraved; and although I sacrificed all that was possible or necessary, to duty, it would be long, very long, ere I could withdraw that chaste and charming sentiment which gives me in all transitions, a title to esteem——ah more than esteem——to *love—him tenderly.*

EMMA,



LETTER LXXXVII.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

(At New-York, Boston, or elsewhere, in the army of General——in America)

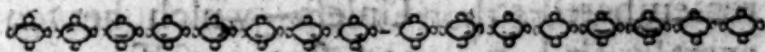
OH Henry, I can bear it no longer. Heaven knows where you may be at this moment! Heaven knows whether you exist! My alarm is extreme. I hazard the fate of a few lines. If they reach you, relate your situation, relate your disasters. Do not torture—do not kill me; but seize the first instant to quiet the terrors of my heart. You do not know what I am enduring for your dear sake! You do not know what domestic calamities have been heaped upon the anguish which seemed to admit no exaggeration! Not one moment's peace, not one moment's health shall I know till I hear from you.

——Hear from you! Perhaps alas, even while I write—perhaps some savage hand.—

Oh

Oh Henry, Henry—to love virtuously, constantly, and entirely—to know the full *value* and the full *danger* of the beloved object—to *wish* information, yet *dread* to hear it; is it, oh is it amongst the supreme of curses or of blessings?

EMMA.



LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

ALTHOUGH I have a letter now tossing with the sea, and know it must be many a day upon its perturbed bosom ere it gets to hand, yet I again have taken up the pen, with increase of terror, and if it were possible, of tenderness. I am ill, and they will not suffer me to quit my chamber. They want to deny me the use of the only instruments which can even have a chance of conveying to you the state of my heart. They tell me it is dangerous. How I despise their pedantry! I want not to be taught the *theory* of patience; I have *practised* it long. But horrors, too great for patience itself, at length invade me! Oh by the agony which you cause, and by all the dreadful nights and days that you make me suffer, *respect my misfortunes!* Relieve, recompense, and redress them. One page, one line, one sentence

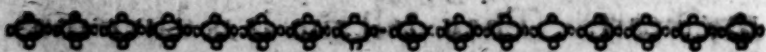
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will

will suffice. Say but that all is well—say that you breathe, and I will be again composed. Oh, Mr. Hammond, whereforever you are, or whatever has befallen you, if there has been a possibility of sending to me, you *should*, (in pity to the condition of my mind) you *ought* to have remembered me. Unless—which heaven avert!—ah I will not suffer myself to rest a moment on such a horrid thought—and yet this suspense—this agonizing suspense presents nothing but images the most dire. Tell me explicitly, fully, circumstantially. I conjure, I *insist* that you let me know every thing without disguise, without delay. Alas! how I write on—how I rave. But I will be very calm: indeed I will. I will endeavour to fit my mind for every stroke but—

—Oh Hammond, Hammond, what a wretch have you made of

EMMA CORBETT?



LETTER LXXXIX.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

CONGRATULATE me, oh Louisa! congratulate yourself—congratulate humanity; for one of its chief ornaments yet *lives*. I exist. I breathe. I recover. Henry is well. Behold the inclosed. Sanctify it with a sister's kiss, but
oh

oh erase not those which Emma has impressed on every line. It is dated at sea; but the intelligence cheers me. I trust in Providence, and am most happy. Receive my treasure, but keep it not beyond the returning of the post. So long I part from this dear associate of my pillow, in love to thee, thou sister of Henry. I cannot sleep while it is out of my possession. It is an instance of my friendship which surpasses all common bounds. My fever abates: my pulses resume a wholesome measure. Hope is busy in every vein. I can bear the visitation of the sun-beam, and will now retire to rest, softly supplicating that Power which alone can relieve me, to continue the bounty he has begun.

Adieu.

EMMA.



LETTER XC.

TO EMMA CORBETT.*

AT length, my beloved friend, an opportunity presents itself. I had prepared a large packet against this dear chance, but it was filled with gloom, despondence, and images of severe distress. *Better prospects* appear; and I have buried my ill

* The inclosure from Mr. Hammond.

news in the ocean. We are joined by ships which are freighted with large and liberal offers of *conciliation*. They are formed methinks to suit the ambitious and grasping spirit even of an American, and they must, I think, be accepted. Once more regulated by maternal laws, the wayward child shall again prosper. The treasures of either hemisphere shall again be shared. The arms of a great nation shall no longer be employed to annoy but to defend. Our refractory fellow subjects shall soften into their former sentiments. I am now, Emma, within sight of the land; Reconciliation is expanding her angel plumes before us, and my presence will, I trust, be no further necessary, than as it will give me an opportunity to *witness* the joy when a truant child is restored to the protection of an offended parent. Great-Britain, all insulted as she is, ineffective as have been her affectionate advances, and scorned as have been her professed kindness, shall receive with transport her America. The temporary estrangement shall only serve, like the quarrel of friends, to brighten the bonds of future amity.

O PEACE, thou image of Divinity itself!—descend, oh descend upon *that earth* from whence the mistakes of altercating relations have so long affrighted thee! Melt the hearts of contending countrymen,

men, and shape every jarring interest they maintain till all confess thy celestial sway. Subdue, gentlest power! the fierce soul of ambition, soften the sinews of authority, and let the countenance of offended Majesty share the tenderness of a father—ah! come, I implore thee, and come without delay! Let not Henry fight against the cause for which Edward fell! Let there be no longer cause to fight. Expand thy snowy wing over the same people—replace brother in the embraces of brother, and friend in the foldings of friend. Let a soldier in *this* instance supplicate thee to sheathe the sword. Reserve his arm for the *natural* enemies of his country, and make it not a duty to go forth against a *civil* foe. I address thee, O loveliest, O divine spirit of Peace, in the name of all the dear and delicate affections—affections which make up thy enchanting train. I call upon thee in the names of names of nature, reason, humanity, and good faith—in the names of father, child, and all connections that are most precious.—I call in the names of Emma and Louisa. My invocation can ascend no higher, nor can—

——Ha—soft, soft, my Emma—methinks the invocation is heard. The court-
ed Deity descends in all the benignity of her brightness. She is surrounded with sunbeams softened by tender fleecings of
sky

sky which form her chariot. The eternal olive mixes in the ray which waves over the turrets of the western world. War is disarmed. The horrid parent of fetters is *himself* in chains. He sullenly yields his giant limbs. He is bound as a prisoner, and the victory is given to nature and to peace!

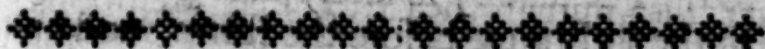
—Oh what a lucid throng comes forward as incident to the conquest. The Arts revive. The Muses confess the triumph of the Affections with a song. Vegetation, though lately trampled down, springs up and freshens under the feet of Industry and Repose, who both assist the general restoration of their flowery realms. The sacred power of *Friendship* regains his station in the human mind. The tender power of *Love* reascends his throne, and stretches his roseat scepter over the human heart. The trembling maids—the *Emmas* which embellish the earth, receive their returning heroes without a wound!

Our sails are thrown back, my beloved Emma. The surface of the *sea* at this moment is emblematic of peace. The captain of our vessel is preparing papers for England, to be taken by the ship which is gently floating along-side of us. She is going from the General with dispatches; probably of a pleasing nature. All seems full of promise—and oh, what sweet and affecting

affecting pleasure it affords me, while I am writing this! (the barks of fair proposal making the best of their way before me.) I anticipate the transport with which my tidings will be received—and imagine the effect they will have on the exactest form, and most touching features, my eyes ever beheld. I see, methinks, the soft tear of genuine joy course along the cheek, or bathing the crystal that covers my portrait—the invisible sigh steals through its vermeil passage—the rosy gates of life and love are opened to welcome the news, and balmily breathe over it a tender aspiration.

Adieu, Adieu! the pacquets are ready. I am in hope: I am in heaven. Adieu,

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER XCI.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

A FORTUNATE change has happened, Frederick, in this family, since my last. Emma is all rapture and all health. She has heard from Henry Hammond, and the effect of this intelligence *writes triumphant love* upon every feature. Her languor is gone. Her tears stream from *happiness* only. She sighs with bliss.

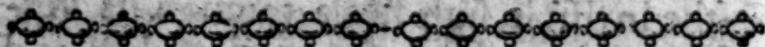
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Upon my entering the room about an hour ago, she caught hold of my hand, and, as I was about feeling her pulse, exclaimed—"O, Sir Robert, the panacea is arrived. I am well. I am happy."

By my soul, Frederick, her joy and her sorrow are alike amiable; and though both are to me as adverse winds, yet the more she distresses me, the more I love her.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER XCII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

O Good God! who shall presume to fathom the depths of human misery, when it is thy will to exercise the chastening rod? The felicity so lately brought me was as the lightning before the storm, and only announced its approach. The thunderbolt has at length fallen to crush the most unfortunate.

EMMA CORBETT.



LETTER XCIII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

Is he then dead? is he too numbered with the slain? and hath the noble youth
so

EMMA CORBETT. 191

so *soon* followed the lovely Edward? Alas? I suspected this, even while your letter of fairer information lay before me. In vain expectance of finding something that relates to the fate of my husband, even against the convictions I have of his death, I fondly examine every paper and public print relating to the war, that falls in my way. In the Gazette of last night I perceive there has been an engagement, and I read with streaming eyes an account of the wounded and the slain. Yet, are you *sure* of your intelligence? I hope it is, in part, ill founded; for I perceive not the name of Hammond in either list. An Ensign *Haddock*, and a Captain *Hammerston*, are mentioned amongst the *wounded*; but these do not approach very near even in sound. I will enquire farther immediately; mean time hope—hope every thing, dearest friend. My brother!—oh no—I will not have it so.

LOUISA CORBETT.



LETTER XCIV.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THE *Gazette! slain! wounded!*—Oh I had no conception to what an extreme of misery I was reserved! You have mistaken me; but of what dire information has

has that mistake been productive? There *has* then been an engagement! you have seen the bloody list. It must have been *purposely* concealed from me. The skirmish, you say, was sudden. You read of a Captain *Hammerson*. In the hurry of the war it is easy to drop one syllable, or to add another. These conflicts are too great.

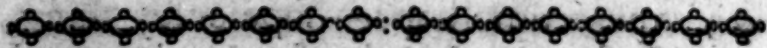
The inclosed will shew you that the wounds of Henry need not have been subjoined to the violence of a parent blinded by the rage of hydra *party*!

The *wounds* of Henry, did I say—O hold—hold my heart; I cannot bear it—indeed I cannot.

Adieu. I will think upon a remedy.

Adieu,

EMMA.



LETTER XCV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

EMMA, be yourself. You *must* make one generous effort. I see you languishing under my eye and cannot bear it. Thrice have I seen you in the sick chamber within a few weeks. It is easy to perceive that your whole soul is pining after Henry—the *perfidious* Henry; with whom your union *must never be* while you think proper to

to own a *father*, and accept his *protection*. I tell thee, Emma, that were he this moment *returned*, and returned with what degenerate Britons *now* call *glory*—nay, could he lay the conquest of the plundered colonies at *thy feet*, there exists a reason which would make it vile—yes, mark the strength of the term—VILE, in *Emma Corbett* to accept it. But I see nothing less than the entire explanation of the fact will convince thee. To crush, therefore, every lingering hope at once, know thou dear infatuated, thy father still leans his very soul on the welfare of America. Those fortunes which have been destroyed, those debts which have impoverished me, as well as those ample streams of commerce which rolled unobstructed from shore to shore, were all dedicated to injured America. For *her* thy brother's blood was shed, and had I yet more sons, more fortunes, and more resources, they should all be at the service of that violated country. She is injured—she is aggrieved, my daughter. Her oppressions are at my heart.—The strings that fix it to my bosom are trembling for her.—She glows with a generous love of freedom.—She has been condemned without a hearing.—She was stabbed into resistance.—The sword was held to her throat ere she thought of self-defence. Conflagration, famine, and parricide, have entered

her late peaceful habitations.—The common bounties of Providence have been denied her.—The blood of citizens, of brothers, and of friends, is flowing in rivers through her streets.

I have not, Emma, been one of those who hawk about my principles, and saunter in babbling ignorance from coffee-house to coffee-house. I am *fixed* in my politicks, and think my steady adherence to them a part of my *religion*. Since we are cruelly taught to make a sanguinary mark of distinction betwixt an Englishman and an American, I own myself the latter, and deplore the infirmities that prevent me from rushing to the field. My child, my child, I know the ruinous rapacity, the murder, the VILLAINY of this unnatural war. I enter deeply, and pathetically, into every wrong which America sustains. It is the only point wherein I am enthusiastic, and it is the only point where enthusiasm is great and glorious! Do not imagine, rash girl!—monstrous thought!—do not DARE to imagine, ungrateful Henry shall ever receive the hand of Emma. Spare me, beloved daughter, in this one part—this fore, this tender part—and in every *other*, command your father! You owe me this submission, you owe me this FAVOUR, this *indulgence*. I would have preserved your Hammond, and opposed his entering

ing

ing into this wicked employment, but it was impossible. High of heart, he scorned to be even *tenderly* controuled. I endeavoured to win him generously over to an honourable cause. He called it insult, bribery, baseness. The military distraction was throbbing in every vein. When I argued, he justified every measure of ministry. *Great Britain*, he said, was grossly abused—her lenity scorned—her laws defied—her sublime prerogative contemptuously set at nought. He spoke loud and vehement of American *rebellion*. The honour of the empire, he said, now depended on the exertion of each individual, and it was the duty of every young man (whom every tie of interest, every bond of loyalty, and every principle of policy called upon) to manifest his zeal, his courage, and his attachment. He went on, my child, in all the foaming folly of youth, declaring, that he should account himself base, were he to deny the *contribution* of his arm. The greater his love for *Emma*, the nobler his *sacrifice*, he said. He was determined: he had made up his mind: and was resolved to defend his country or gloriously perish in her ruins. I pitied his delirium, yet venerated his ardour. Well directed, of what was it not susceptible! He was above admonition, and kept erring on. In true tenderness to thee, my Emma, I forgot

the dignity of age, and even stooped to intercede. After all my letters to him were in vain, I privately sought a personal interview, but his boiling spirit took fire. I reluctantly withdrew, and gave up the point.

Oh America, thou bleeding innocent, how art thou laden with oppressions! Oh my child, my child! Nature, Religion, and Religion's *God*, are on her side; and will you take to your arms, and to your embraces, a youth who propensely *violates* these?—a cruel youth whose reeking blade may at this moment smoke with kindred gore! Tyranny hath not a reserve of barbarity in store. She is exhausted. Your Henry is a *volunteer* amongst those who, as an acquisition to the British army, have added the tomahawk, the hatchet, and the scalping knife. And will the tender-hearted Emma continue to love such a barbarian? Away, away, it will not bear a thought! Banish, oblivate, *detest* him. He is in open rebellion against the *laws of nature*. Let your affections flow into a fairer channel—ah suffer a parent's hand to pilot them. He has a *friend* in reserve, my dear—*such* a friend——

But tell me that you have *resumed yourself*. Tell me that you are *indeed* my daughter. Adieu,

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER XCVI.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I WILL withdraw my foolish self from this *ill-starred attempt*. Go down to Castleberry, and I will meet you there without delay.

The perplexity of interests in this family, where each part opposes the other, and where still greater entanglement is promised, are really too many for *me* who have made a sudden transition from quietness to agitation.

You cannot reprobate my weakness in a keener stile of censure than I myself do. Oh, I know full well the unfitness of such storms to the sober season of my life. I conceal the cause from all but you, and your reproof shews me, how little mercy I might expect were that cause imparted to less generous hearts.

The matter grows too interesting. A certain darling passion, which scarce confines Corbett on this side phrenzy, and the avowed pre-engagements of Emma, which are more than barriers of iron against me, unite to point at the necessity of retreat. *Expect* me, therefore; and when we are together, prepare yourself with subject of conversation; which, indeed, may take any turn but that of my *infirmity*: all men, who are *conscious* they

possess any, proscribe this. In happiness and in misery, Frederick, we have a few grains of self-love; and, while all its proud associates croud about us, we suffer no theme to be discussed that can humiliate us to ourselves.

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

STOP, stop, dear friend. Visit not Castleberry yet. I have twice attempted to take leave, and twice failed—twice packed, and twice unpacked my port-manteau—twice ordered my servant to get horses, and twice pretended to be weatherwise, and, as an excuse for *changing my mind*, have prophesied a *change of atmosphere*. In the noon-tide brightness of the sun I have predicted storms and hurricanes; and it is in vain the fellow casts his eye to the heavens, and declares that the weather is fixed. It is his master, alas! and not the air, which is unsettled.

A little delay can make no difference. Indulge me. Humour me.

Within a post or two I will decide, and decide too as you and as *common sense* demand of me.

Farewell!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

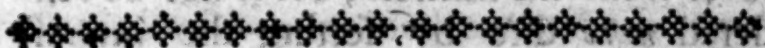
LETTER XCVIII.

TO THE SAME.

I COME, my dear Frederick; I come. The confusion of the Corbetts—the absurd yet afflicting emotions of my own heart—the—the—the—In short—I set out to-morrow.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER XCIX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I HAVE a suspicion that Mr. Hammond is wounded; let that circumstance, oh my father, account to you for the horrors of mind which have for some days locked up every power of hand and of voice. The former faculty is in some measure restored, so far at least, as tremblingly to trace upon paper something like an answer to your affecting favour; every syllable of which is as an envenomed arrow fixing in my bosom. Your determined objection then to poor Henry is at last accounted for! I thought the sanguine track of party was washed wholly from a father's heart by the blood of my brother. Shall political prejudices interrupt the

the finest affections of humanity? Horrid is the aspect of battle, view it on either side. It cannot shift to an attitude, nor take *one position*, to soften its terrors upon the reflecting *mind*. To THAT it is uniformly odious; nor is it at all amended by considering, that as it began soon after the *creation*, it will scarcely end till the *destruction* of the world. It has, even within the narrow precincts of *our* family, divided the son from the father, and the lover from his mistress; let it not be rendered *more* dire by setting the interest of the daughter against that of her most honoured parent, since *that* would be to encourage the madness of mortals, and the civil pestilence, that in the form of a *family-war*, is gone forth against us. It would violate the gentle laws of nature, and tear down those conciliating ties which fasten *kindred* in one vast chain of connexion, ample as earth, and beautiful as heaven. You have painted your own patriotism and that of Henry, sir, with equal vigour of language; at least, you have said enough either way to prove that *both* fancy the *cause adopted* is the cause of rectitude and glory. When one side attacks, the other must naturally defend; on which account, while the spirit of contention remains, some will vehemently censure the very measures which some as vehemently applaud. But, in avowing
your

your own enthusiasm, my dear father, do you not, in effect, justify that of Henry? You both seem to hug to your bosoms a political Cleopatra, for whose sake you are willing to gain or to lose a world. England is to Henry what America is to you. Each insists that he is espousing the cause of an injured friend: and while this is the case, how can it be expected that *either* should yield? In fact, would not such a concession, according to the prescriptions of *honour*, in this world's acceptance of the word, be accounted base? You have, you say, attempted to direct the sword of Henry on the better side of the dispute. *Which* is that better side? Henry declares for Britain, you for America. What third person shall decide between you? The feeble voice of a woman will neither be heard or admitted. Else, might she venture to assert that your countrymen are bleeding abroad, while the point of right and wrong is adjusting at home. This, however, is clear, my dear father, from your own premises: if Henry thought himself insulted by the proposal of changing his side, *you* would have been no less stung, had a similar proposition come from *him* to *you*. And this proves, that both are acting on what is called patriotic principle. What right reason then has the one to be displeased with the other? Yet upon this displeasure

on

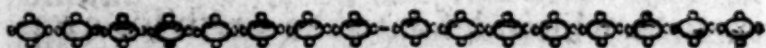
on your part, you urge me to withdraw my vows. Are then virtuous resolutions so to be withdrawn, my father? When affection is fashioned by the feelings, and long cherished in a soul which neither projects nor practises any ill, whose every thought is submitted to the holy criticism of Heaven, nor ever dreads the scrutiny—is it, under these circumstances, of a texture so convenient, as to shift from object to object with every gale of opinion, and move away at the word of command? Wherefore, let me once again tenderly enquire, wherefore did you originally inspire me with a veneration for sober reason? why infuse in me a steady and generous way of thinking? Was it designed for ornament or for use? If not intended as the *governing rule of conduct*, through every meander of this mortal pilgrimage, oh wherefore did you not at *first*, even in the nursery, while every power was impressible, and would have taken the form you chose to give it—wherefore *then* did you not lead me into the path that I was to tread without stop or turning? Alas! you have given me fixed principles, acknowledged they were good, saw them with joy take root in my heart, and now you expect in their fullest growth, and finest foliage, that they should suddenly perish. But the habits of my youth are grown so strong, that I feel it is too late
for

for me to deal in disguises. I will not now begin an artificial character. Oh! suffer me to implore you, sir, to continue my attachment to Truth and Nature. I know nothing of state wrangles, or Congress quarrels. I mix not with the infuriate errors of party. I only act up to those simple principles of moral life, which assure me that constancy in favour of a *known valuable object* (not obstinate predilection to a *bad one*) is the basis on which the superstructure of all that is noble, just, and good, must be raised. My wisdom is extremely limited. It stretches not into those maxims which desolate the earth for a vapour of victory, nor does it presume to penetrate the wiles of government. All it *does* pretend to, belongs to that small and dear system in which every woman ought to be instructed; namely, that a *well-fixed tenderness* should never be removed, that it should brave the storms of fortune and distress, that while life remains it should be the animating *purpose* of life to *cultivate* it, and that death, and death *only*, should dissolve the bonds which virtue had made. If my beloved father would for one moment lay the clamorous contentions of a bickering species aside, and submit to be charmed by that dispassionate power which decides calmly of truth and falsehood, he would be convinced of this. I am sure he would: for his nature is gentle
and

and his heart is soft. Ah think what a task it is for your soul-sick Emma to be under the necessity of using these pleadings at *such a time!* Come to her bed side—perhaps the cause of *our* disputes may now—

Oh for pity, my father, hasten to me—aid me in this dreadful conflict—rescue me from myself—wipe away the bitterest tear that anguish ever drew from the heart of a daughter, and recover me, ere it be yet too late, from the arms of death.

EMMA.



LETTER C.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

UNGRATEFUL Emma! perverse and insensate child! You merit neither the pangs you cost me, nor the tenderness you receive from me. I gave you a reason cogent enough to have weaned a *worthy* girl from a thousand Hammonds. To that I might have added the sudden departure of a generous friend, who I *now* tell you (for I *can* hold no longer) would have laid his fortune at your feet. This, indeed, you must have seen, since nothing but the most extreme stupidity could remain ignorant

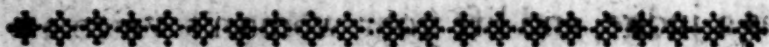
norant of those attentions which, for many weeks past, have been lavished upon you by Sir Robert Raymond, a man, oh inconsiderate! who saved thy aged father in the very crisis of his misfortunes, and too delicate to demand as a debt the tender returns of love, which he would have sued for as a favour, is gone, almost broken-hearted, away. I had promised to *conceal* his confidence, but you extort it from me; nay, you continue still to doat upon the wretch who is fighting against all the best and dearest connections of your family. I will not endure it. You assume the language of decision, and call it the sentiment of reason. You set yourself up as a judge, and lift your woman's voice against the sacred principles of patriot and parent. It is not to be borne. Let me hear no more on the subject. Cease your threats about daggers, darts, and death. I look down upon such romance. Forbear to urge me. You are not to learn the touches of my temper. *My principles* are not less sacred than *your passion*. *Your principles!* What are they? Airy nothings. *Mine* are the solemn affections of a lover of his country, and a detester of its oppressors, a *detester of Henry Hammond!* Why will you drive me to this? I know nothing of his wounds; but if he has *received some*, there is reason to suppose he

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has

has given more : at least his bloody endeavours cannot have been wanting, and every one is in the bosom of your father's native land. Your affection is that of a girl whimpering after a boy. Is this an affection to be brought in competition with that glorious fire which the love of liberty, and an abhorrence (as settled as it is sublime) of rights usurped and faith broken? Is your puerile, yet headstrong inclination worthy to be brought into consideration with the passion that fills the breast, and fires the soul, of your afflicted and offended father,

CHARLES CORBETT?



LETTER CI.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

THE characters of my pen will discover to you the condition of my heart. Sickness, sorrow, distraction, and despair, are the apologies I have to offer for silence. Do not grieve for the news you sent, or rather that you sent me such news. It inspires a thought whose influence cheers me; but I want health. Oh that I could recover!—that I could gain but a little strength!

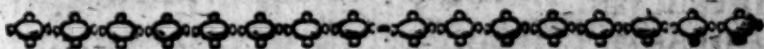
Enough.

Enough. Writing will exhaust me. I must nurse myself. A new cause of sorrow too! Sir Robert Raymond has—Generous man, how I feel for him!

Louisa, adieu. Pray for my recovery, I conjure you. I would use it to a worthy purpose. I would apply it, as every gift of God *ought* to be applied.

Louisa, farewell.

EMMA.



LETTER CII.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

THE news of the day—oh how shall I relate it? The rebels, as they are called, have cut to pieces the greatest part of—, and yet this is mere newspaper report. Henry perhaps may be amongst those who escaped the slaughter. I cannot support these strokes. I will enquire no more. Let us hope.—Despair would kill me.

LOUISA CORBETT.

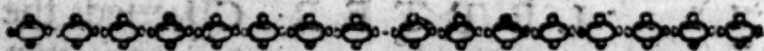
LETTER CIII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

IT is sufficient. Let our researches cease. God almighty bless my Louisa and her babe! Heaven's pity and protection be upon them! Emma, bent on her knee, offers this prayer to her Maker. It is her legacy. It is her last leave of love and sisterhood.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

EMMA.



LETTER CIV.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

RAYMOND, Raymond! my oldest friend, my truest companion, pity, ah pity the anguish of a father—pity a parent whose persecutions have driven away his child! Emma hath eloped. Heaven knows where she has wandered. Under pretence of visiting a friend near town, she went in one of the public stages, with intent, as she said, to return in the evening. The friend whom she *pretended* to visit was Mrs. Arnold of Richmond, on whom she had often called in a neigh-

neighbourly way. I remained therefore perfectly unalarmed till twilight. A tempest of thunder and lightening happening about nine o'clock, I sent over a servant to Mrs. Arnold's, imagining she might be afraid to come through it alone. The servant returned from Mrs. Arnold with news that Emma called there for a few minutes by way of a morning ride, but went away in a great hurry. It was near midnight before I received these horrid tidings, and then I ordered my horses to be harnessed, and went at full speed to every house where the stages set up. The people were all in bed, and I obtained answers to my questions with difficulty. None were satisfactory. I traversed the streets in a distracted manner, for oh, you know how I doat upon Emma! I could not give the coachman any direction, and he continued dragging me about, but I bid him go any where rather than to my own house. No trace—no clue—no glimmering of hope! Hard-hearted girl! What though I urged her to forget the ungenerous Henry, am I not her father? But I will be calm, I will cut her from my affections for ever. I am just got home. It is day-break. The servants are all dispersed to hunt after a runaway girl. What a dreadful morning! The hemisphere is in a blaze!—The wind blows hard!—The firmament opens its flaming breast!—I see

into its bowels. I am sitting all alone. Oh my heart, what a thunder-clap was there!—It is now rolling along the sphere. Oh Emma, Emma, my daughter—my child—my darling—where, where art thou? Another! WONDER-WORKING GOD! behold a contrite parent upon his knees, lame and decrepid as he is, to supplicate a covering for the beloved fugitive. Perhaps, Raymond, our poor disconsolate—the mutual joy of our hearts—perhaps some sudden stroke of——I dare not turn imagination that horrible way. No, no: Emma is at last disobedient, she is base, she has abused her father, she——

Wherefore do not my servants return? Villains, how dare they sport with a sorrow like mine? They know not what it is to be a parent!

Alas! I rave. They have not been long gone from me, and were they *already* to come back, I should banish them from my presence for ever. I know not what I would have. I only know, Oh Raymond, that the universe cannot contain a more unhappy man than

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

AS your letter arrived I was about to send to you an express. I have heard from Emma. Oh, my friend, you must arm yourself with fortitude. The post brought me the inclosed about an hour before dark. Emma lives, is recovering—for the rest, prepare yourself. Prepare yourself to hear of fidelity, heroism, and resolution, which claim admiration, even from us whom they afflict, whatever be their issue.

I perceive that the present state of your mind, my dear unhappy Corbett, too much resembles my own, for my company to serve you. Let us try the force of separate reflection.

Read the letter of our beloved wanderer, and tell me what is to be done!

Your's,

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.*

Sir,

I CLAIM the assistance of a man whom I know to be generous, who honours me with his esteem, and whom I venerate for the ancient friendship that has long united our families. By the powerful force of *all* these feelings I conjure you, on the receipt of this letter, to visit my father. Assure him that his dear, dear image lives unimpaired in my heart. Tell him that my absenting myself in this manner is not the truant trick of a girl who triumphs in the vexation of a parent, but proceeds from a motive most virtuous, most irresistible, most conscientious—from a duty that appeals to my heart, my senses, and my soul. O let him not think that I *glory* in the necessity which takes me one moment from *him*. I lament, I weep, I mourn over it. I could wish that each duty went hand in hand, and that some of their objects did not lie so wide apart from others. Superior to every deceit, I would have consulted my father even on the present measure, but he will recollect the terror into which his late conversations

* The inclosure from Emma.

threw

threw me, and will then be convinced how impossible it was to risque such an eclairsissement. Yet even now I will forbear to justify my departure, because I would suffer some reproach myself, rather than try to establish an irregular example. But the Power who is giving me strength to sustain the great business I am about to undertake, has placed in my bosom something which reconciles me to the enterprize. Oh Sir Robert, there is a duty which *must* be performed—at least attempted. Nature, reason, honour, and faith the most hallowed, all stir within me; nay, God himself, at the marking of whose awful name I bow, seems looking down from his heaven of heavens with approbation. I may seem to be romantic, when I mean only to shew myself sincere. All sort of research will be vain. I would not have yielded to the least semblance of a scheme, which is most terrible to my nature, could it by any means have been avoided. My father will call to mind certain sentiments, and do me justice in his own dear bosom on this occasion.

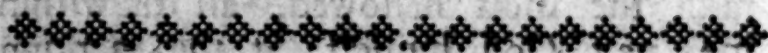
Sir Robert Raymond, I ever desired to be uniform, and to reconcile the distinct parts of my conduct with the whole. Yet I will bear up against the charge of impropriety in this one instance for the sake of——but further explanation is unnecessary. Go then, oh amiable mediator
betwixt

betwixt parent and child—go, and plead my cause in all the eloquence of friendship. Obtain for me the paternal pardon—sustain his heart, and do not leave him a prey to sorrow.

Excuse my forbearing to give you my address. Pity the concealments which are thus imposed. Be it sufficient that I will continue to send you accounts of myself at every opportunity.

Oh, farewell!

EMMA CORBETT.



LETTER CVII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOUR letter, Sir Robert, with its dear and dreadful inclosure came to hand. It is now before my eyes, which are streaming in penitence for the phrenzy which has banished my daughter. I now behold the whole matter too plain. Oh, my friend, I treated the most dutiful of children with unwonted harshness, and in the patriot I extinguished the parent. I expected that a soul like Emma's should circumscribe itself within the pale of politics. Curse on the rage of party! Excoriated be the tyrannies of war! Ah what
are

are causes, countries, worlds, to the loss of one dear child adorned with the virtues of Emma Corbett! Blind, doating zeal! what hast thou to do with an old man's heart? What, with the sacred season of the silver hair? Is mine an age to engage in these tumultuous subjects? No. I should have taken my darling daughter to my bosom, and with an enlarged benevolence prayed fervently for the returning embrace of a divided people. *That* would have been true patriotism and true philanthropy. Instead of which, dolt and dotard as I was, I mixed with hot-headed giddiness in the affray. I interested myself in every fugitive breath of vague intelligence; and, while I talked of justice, I was encouraging slaughter; wholly forgetting, or too blood-thirsty to remember, that either army is composed of kindred and of countrymen. Behold, Raymond, how I am punished! But where, where all this time is Emma? No date! No address! A young creature unfriended, alone, of a delicate frame, and harrassed by fatigue! Sick also! Never used to travel unattended—Oh heaven! But she will return. The thought makes me easier. Let me indulge it. How tender will I be to her—with what fondness will I hang upon her neck, and hide her blushes in my bosom—how will I talk—how soothe—how console her—oh I will kiss her into confidence and

and composure. I will even converse—(pardon me, Sir Robert, pardon the effusions of a repenting heart)—I will even converse upon her darling theme.—The name of Henry shall be mentioned, and if it does her good, not without tenderness. Alas! what has the youth done, but——Yes, yes, Emma will return. She must. She shall. The slender and trembling thread of my being is sustained by no other hope.

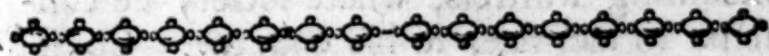
I have sent advertisements to the papers, inviting her home, describing persons, circumstances, and situations, but concealing names. I have dispatched various messengers to all the ports to have her tenderly intreated, almost cordially *controuled*, should her romantic nature—for oh I suspect she meditates—Was there ever any thing so wild—But she will never be able to carry it into execution, and I will not even suppose it practicable. She will return. I shall recover the treasure of my age. But the interim is anguish—oh, hasten, my friend, to soften it. I am sick, and Emma is not at my side. I see her not at the harpsichord—I hear not her enchanting voice—I contemplate not her lovely features—all, all the exact images of her dear mother—her mother! who would shudder in her grave were she——

A servant enters to tell me there is nothing but her own little money-box missing.

EMMA CORBETT. 217

sing. Her cloaths are all above stairs. I dare not go to look at them. I dare not open the door of her chamber. It would certainly be my death.

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER CVIII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

I AM not sorry you found it inconvenient to meet me. Objects of gloom, I know, are intolerable to you. Castleberry at present affords little else. I used, my friend, to fly from these as assiduously as yourself. Yet now they are become very dear. I love the solitude which this scene affords me. It was lately adorned by the society of Emma. Ah elegant and hapless girl! She has not only eloped, but engaged me to justify the step she had taken to her father. Oh Frederick, her language is so sweet, her power over me so resistless, and her firm affection for this happy Hammond, this heroic rival, so respectable, that my whole soul yields implicit obedience to the very desires which involve me in despair! What, of things possible, would I not do to secure to her but one moment's happiness? Alas! my friend, sincerely as I know you love me,

U

I dare

I dare not tell you all that I intend to do. Yet consider a young creature about to venture on the wild and uncertain ocean, moved by a sacred impulse in favour of a worthy lover, who has himself left a blooming mistress, whose society he consents to sacrifice, to his country. Consider also this lover, as one who is the choice of Emma, and is every way suitable to her in person as in age.

When you have maturely weighed these circumstances, then tell me what at *my* age and under *my* circumstances I ought to do. My friend, no man knows what virtue or what energy there is in him till after the hour of serious exertion.

There is a project, Berkley, rolling in my mind, and if on a little more reflection I can reconcile it wholly to the dictate that uniformly sways me, I shall undertake something that will excite your *ridicule*. But for any thing of that kind I shall be prepared. I have only two great powers to consult, my reason and my conscience. What they inspire can never be laughed away. Laugh then, but do not forget that your mirth is at the expence of a friend who is seriously unhappy.

Adieu!

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CIX.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

Portsmouth.

I AM writing in a common public-house at this town, from whence in about half an hour I shall set off for America. I am resolved to perform this voyage at all hazards. Do not, dear Louisa, accuse me of wanting confidence because I did not acquaint you with my design. I could never support the idea of involving a friend in the perils of a trust, which may produce altercation in the issue. When the soul is settled in its plan, it is useless to ask advice; and to enjoin secrecy in any family matter, is generally to embroil the person entrusted with some part of it or another.

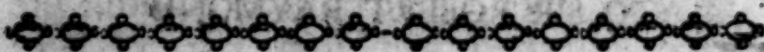
The haste and agitation in which I write is not to be expressed. The house is crowded with sailors and their parting friends. I am equipped with a proper disguise. No matter what embarrassments I have had to procure or to put it on. The wind does not allow me leisure for descriptions. I am going as a cabin passenger in a vessel called the *Henry*. The very sound of the name affects me with a sweet superstition. A boat is coming from the ship

220. EMMA CORBETT.

ship to take me on board, and the captain is already here, pouring brandy down his throat as if it were so much water. I *sport* thus with circumstances to take all your grief away upon my account, O my beloved sister; for you see I am equal to the task. The boatmen appear. They tell me the gales are favourable. The first view of the ocean is awful. But it leads to Henry.

Adieu. The mariners are impatient. They call me *fair-weather* sailor; which is a joke levelled purely at my complexion; but they have no suspicion of Emma. Oh, farewell! They hurry me. I must fold up the letter—I must bid you *indeed* adieu.

EMMA.



LETTER CX.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

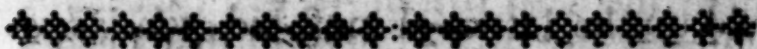
FREDERICK, I am now resolved. Away selfish weaknesses—away all that is unbecoming the period of my life! Come onward ye powers of more suitable attachment! Come divinest image of graceful and honourable FRIENDSHIP!—come and possess me wholly!

Berkley,

Berkley, I have made up my mind, and it is easier. My spirit settles. I recover from the giddiness of passion, and rise to more disinterested joys, in which the appetites have no share.

Adieu, my friend. I am preparing again for sea. You may guess my destination. I follow the fortunes of the incomparable Emma in her tender pilgrimage o'er the waves. There, by this time, floats the fair and faithful fugitive. My servant is packing up—Oh, let me go catch the disconsolate Corbett by the hand, and linger not another moment.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

YOU were scarce gone twenty minutes, my most generous Raymond, ere a letter came to hand by private conveyance—a letter, my friend, whose contents—oh Sir Robert, I sink under the double conflict of delight and of despair.

Inexplicable Providence! I have yet a son. Edward still lives. At this tumultuous moment I am dropping the father's tear upon the blessed paper that presents the news. Oh for some few months of

firmer health! This unmitigable disorder, which chains me to the chamber and the chair! Go then, my friend—go most admirable! most excellent! fly to my children! Ah that a parent's heart-heaved sighs could speed your vessel on its way! God give it swiftness! Haply you may yet see, and yet save, my children.

Oh if you should——

——forgetting all agony I have dropped involuntarily upon my knee to enforce the prayer——

Oh if you should, I conjure you to exert yourself! Tell Emma I relent. I yield to her pleading softness—I am no more the mad patriot—I am henceforth all the parent! Tell Edward that I adore his virtue, but tremble for his life! Tell him, enough of civil blood will be shed, without swelling the current by any stream from his veins. Bid him then yield up the——Ah heaven! what am I about to say—he *cannot* remain neuter. All things forbid it—his honour—his principles—his life—his soul—his country!

—What, Raymond, shall I do, and whither shall I turn? What are my late misfortunes to compare with these? My son and my daughter both, both taken from me! Yet go, my friend. This follows you by express. If I never see you more, farewell for ever.

CHARLES CORBETT.
LETTER

LETTER CXII.

EDWARD CORBETT TO HIS FATHER.

AFTER having been thirteen months agonized amongst the wounded, and more than once considered as the prize of death, I am at length able to write a few lines to acquaint you that I exist; by which information, I flatter myself I shall make a father, a sister, and a friend, most happy. The arm and shoulder, which were wounded, are at length cured without amputation, but the half of the left cheek is gone. These tidings I had caused to be conveyed to England long since, by letters sent at different opportunities, by various means of conveyance; but as I have not received your replies, I fear either those miscarried, or mine have never reached you. — Indeed, war puts a dreadful stop to this branch of communication, although the only one which can relieve the pains of so perilous an absence.

WASHINGTON offers me the means of future retreat and inactivity, in consideration, I suppose, of my scars. But I am now too far engaged to accept this with any honour. I wish it may be no more necessary to fire; and they *talk* indeed of peace, but

but there is no real prospect of such a blessing being at hand. I fought, at first, in my own defence, and must, I fear, continue to do still. The English persist to call those cowards whom they prove to be men, and feel to be heroes. To-morrow I shall once more fix the bayonet, and shoulder the musquet. *Every* man fights in this country; we arm not for pay but for property, not for the wages of war but for liberty and life.

Wherefore does my old friend Henry stay idling at home,

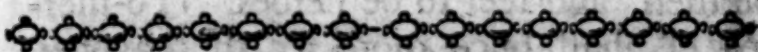
“Now half the Youth of Europe are in Arms.”

Why does he not take one side or the other as principle directs? He was wont to maintain with me warm disputes in favour of Great-Britain, but by this time his opinion must be changed, and the cause of America must be dear to him, were it only in respect of her youth, her bravery, and her misfortunes. Tell him I should be glad to receive him here—to receive him, in that case, as a brother; and on those conditions, too, we will both return one day or another, and enjoy the fruits of a double marriage; for notwithstanding your resistance, my father, I must still remind you that I have a heart only for Louisa. God send all together, happy, of one mind, and in one house:

EMMA CORBETT. 225

house: I care not in what kingdom or in what country.

EDWARD CORBETT.



LETTER CXIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I WAS mounting my horse as your letter and its enclosure (which I return to a father's throbbing bosom) arrived. I took my foot from the stirrup, to read, to weep, and to rejoice.

Oh, Mr. Corbett, you ought never to despair. The Power who could raise your son almost from amongst the dead, and who was indeed dead long since in the imagination of his family, may yet preserve to you a daughter.

How all the links of this dear connecting chain cling together! It is surely the hand of Providence which rivets each. I here devote myself an humble instrument, and hasten to prove the sentiments I profess. Be comforted. My ever dear Corbett, be comforted; and farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXIV.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

I AM an old man, in a sad, sick chamber, without any human being to smoothe the 'thorny pillow. Oh Louisa, Louisa, I am bereft of all! Leave for a little while your house, and hasten to mine. I now fondly approximate every person who has been dear to any part of my family, and who hath had more claim to our tenderness than the sister of Henry? Yet let me not forget in my sorrow to tell you of one joy that sparkles in the cup of bitterness which is allotted me to drink. My son Edward lives, and he mentions Louisa Hammond not coldly! Come and let us talk of him together. All ambitious views are worn from my heart. Renew your gentle hopes, and fear not to avow them. Ah that Henry and Edward were both safe from the calamities of war, and both within the reach of these paternal arms! Oh you know not the pain in which I write. Come then, if the father of Edward—the yet existing Edward be estimable.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

EMMA CORBETT. 227

LETTER CXV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

PROVIDENCE and God! what have I read! Is it not vision! Is it not delirium! Is it not the vapour of the soul for ever painting its idol image! Edward alive! Oh the poor Emma! the generous Henry! the godlike Edward! You have transported me. I know not what I write. Ease me, satisfy me. I cannot bear it. I am in heaven! I am distracted.

LOUISA HAMMOND.



LETTER CXVI.

TO LOUISA HAMMOND.

WHAT would I not give to recall the heedless thing I have committed to the post? A servant has been to the office to recall it, but it is gone. In the hurry of my heart I have abruptly told what should have been opened by the gentlest gradations. But if you are greatly afflicted, it will, I trust, be of a joyful nature, and produce no mischief.

CHARLES CORBETT.

LETTER

LETTER CXVII.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

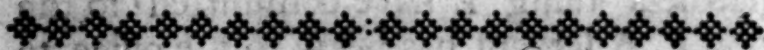
I AM commissioned by a friend on whose veracity I can depend, to impart a piece of news to my Louisa, which is as delightful as unexpected. It is foreign news, and America has some sort of connexion with it: but I cannot be more explicit till I know what present health you are in possession of, since the least alarms are not to be hazarded in a state like yours.

Tell me that you are very stout, and you shall hear more.

I am sorry my business detains me so long from you. It is nearly finished, and then I shall be wholly at your service.

For Emma, what can I say, but that she is a glorious girl?

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

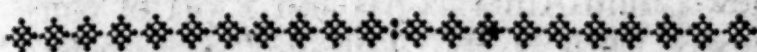


LETTER CXVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

IT is every way confirmed. The pleasure is too mighty—my very brain turns with transport! Yes, I will fly to your chamber—I will fly to my *father*. Oh prepare,

prepare, prepare to receive another daughter, for I am—I am—how shall I speak it?—I am no more the widow, but the WIFE of Edward—And we have a *son*. I will bring him under my arm. I cannot explain—I am too happy. *Should* I not be happy! My husband lives, and his father at length acknowledges. LOUISA CORBETT.



LETTER CXIX.

TO LOUISA CORBETT.

OH my child, my child! my arms are open.—Let them embrace and own you without delay. The coach shall be at your door early in the morning, and convey you to—a parent in

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER CXX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I WRITE, sitting on the side of Louisa's bed. She cannot have the pleasure to attend you at present, being suddenly taken ill. Do not therefore think of sending your coach till you hear further from

CAROLINE ARNOLD.

X LETTER

LETTER CXXI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

ITROUBLE not my dear father with relating the dangers of the sea, the tempests which have deformed its bosom, nor the various inconveniencies I have experienced since I lost sight of every object I had been accustomed to behold. My soul has been too intently occupied with what I have left, and with what I am in search of, to afford any sensations of common fear or common curiosity. I cast the eye of steady attachment over this undulating world, and imagine myself guarded from all the ordinary dangers of the ocean, by the protecting Power who proportions my spirits to the toils they undergo.

I escape suspicion from the crew. I write without knowing the time I may be able to send. The unsteady motion of the vessel distorts the characters of my pen: so do not attribute to distress of heart what is the effect of mere situation. Adieu, oh adieu. Of every letter I will send duplicates, that no chance may be lost to ease your suspense.

EMMA.

LETTER

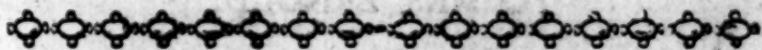
EMMA CORBETT. 231

LETTER CXXII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

ACCIDENT favours me. I trace the footsteps of Emma. I am now in the house from which she lately departed. On my arrival here I overheard some sailors upon the quay reading aloud one of your advertisements, after which two of them swore it must mean the fair looking boy who lodged a few nights ago at the ship, and sailed in the Henry letter of marque. I caught at this, and am so far rewarded in my enquiry. Farewell. The opportunity of following your child presents itself. Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

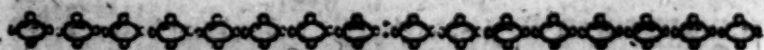
OH, Mr. Corbett, the abrupt joy produced by your late intelligence, has counteracted the tender designs of Edward, and thrown his poor Louisa into a condition which makes me tremble. The settled calm of her mind has long been overthrown, and I who have been her almost constant companion, can assure you that

X 2

when

when she has thought herself the most tranquil, she has been nearest that state which of all others in this sorrow-teeming world, is the most affecting. Indeed, sir, you should have been less precipitate—yet you meant kindly. You acknowledge her for a daughter. It is impossible to tell you in what a style of enthusiastic gratitude she speaks of this. All will be well, and yet—soft! she wakes! Oh what a look! how wild! how fearful! I must leave off writing.

CAROLINE ARNOLD.



L E T T E R CXXIV.

TO MRS. ARNOLD.

A CURSE attends all I do, and all I say. Oh that I could find the wretch who still cherishes the deathful spirit of this exterminating war! I would rush upon him, and seize him as the betrayer of *both* the bleeding countries which he has sacrificed to the lust of dominion, and the avarice of power. Alas, the misfortunes which he has brought upon the state are contemptible in the comparison with that anguish, that horror, that desolation, which rends away the softening ties of private life!—which tears the heart-strings of family and friend.

Man

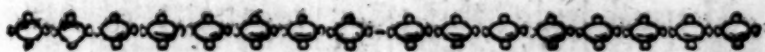
Man of blood, come forward!—if thou art bold enough, stand forth!—meet the swollen eye of a father whose house thou hast despoiled of all his little treasure!

Oh Mrs. Arnold, this rage is vain. My soul is compounded of ten thousand violences, each retrograde, each inconsistent! I am execrating *myself*, for have I not myself pushed on the terrors I deplore? I have. Fool! Dotard! Villain!

Ha! letters are brought. The knock of the post goes through my heart. Away vile flannels! The well-known characters carry off all bodily sensation as I behold them. I have them before me—

—Oh horror, horror! Oh my child, my Emma!—Read, pity me—ah no, read and *detest* me.

CHARLES CORBETT.



LETTER CXXV.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.*

America.

BOUND by promise, by obligation, and by the laws of nature, to send you faithful accounts of myself, I dare no

* This inclosure from Emma.

longer conceal the incidents which have happened to the veriest wretch that ever—

My dear, dear parent, turn all your anger into compassion, if all that remains of Emma be yet dear or yet alive in your remembrance.

Our vessel has been attacked, has fought, and is taken. Oh the mountains of men murdered by men that lay strewed about me! My blood runs cold! some of it indeed is *shed*, for I am *wounded*; but it is slightly, and in no important part. Ah that it were a death's-wound, rather than——

——I am watched. Pens and paper are objects of suspicion.

Ah what have they to fear? Emma is no intriguing captive—she is a prisoner and a mourner who bows to her fate. She resists not.

I must hide this poor remnant of narrative in my bosom.

Fresh prisoners are brought.

They are entering! What crouds
What——

Oh my God, is it possible!—do not my eyes——

SECOND INCLOSURE FROM SIR ROBERT
RAYMOND.

CORBETT, the seal of Providence is surely upon my enterprize! Oh happy chance!

chance! I have at once saved and rescued your daughter. It pleased God to carry me into the same place of confinement, where I found her mingled with the multitude of our unhappy countrymen. A violent shriek upon my entrance betrayed her to me. Her man's apparel became no longer a veil to hide her from eyes so familiar with her voice and her features. She fainted in my arms.

The prisoners were too much involved in the sullen gloom of their own melancholy to regard the distress of another. The paper which I inclose, spotted as you see, with drops of blood from her own lovely arm, fell from her bosom. By the time she recovered, one of the officers who had guarded us approached.—She looked at him a moment (it being the first time she had seen him since he came in) and then sunk without any appearance of life upon the floor. She lay as a corpse.

Oh merciful Heaven!—Oh God, great and gracious God! cried the officer, it is—it is—it must be Emma—it must be my SISTER!

Presently, Emma and Edward Corbett (for it was your son, my friend) were both embracing upon their knees.

It was no time to explain. She was moved out of the prison. I was permitted to attend. Edward Corbett in his own arms conveyed her to an apartment.

ment. He obtained leave of absence from the farther duties of the day. He was the nurse of your poor Emma. Oh, Mr. Corbett, I was not idle.

Washington happened to be quartered at the same town, preparing the manoeuvres of a new attack. He is easy of access; and being at liberty on a parole of honour I gained an interview.

Ah, can you not guess its motive? what *could* it be but the *freedom* of the captive Emma? The general heard the story of her love as I related it. I concealed no part from him but that which had reference to my own former folly. I brought the narrative down to the moment of reciting it. The soldier's cheek was not without the graceful dignity of a tear. He wept.

Sacred, said he, be the rights of hospitality: I am not at war with the *affections*. Ever privileged be *their* emotions. I feel them all. The beautiful prisoner is at liberty, Sir Robert, to go where she pleases. I shall appoint persons to attend her, who may prevent all interruption and insult; but *you* methinks, Sir Robert, should continue to follow her fortunes as a *friend*, you are *both* free.

I flew to Edward Corbett with the tidings. Emma had by this time acquainted him with her situation.

At what a moment did I enter the room! Your son was pronouncing or rather *attempting* to pronounce, the names of wife and parent, of Louisa and his little Edward. And have I then these blessings, (cried he) and is my father yet in ignorance what claims, what doubly-tender claims, Louisa Corbett hath upon him? He then pressed his sister in his arms, and they wept together.

Surprizes came too fast upon the hapless youth. He knew not that Henry was under arms. He did not know that he was an enemy. Yet he dropped for a while the fierceness of the soldier, and acted as a man—as the child of nature—as the husband of Louisa, and the brother of Emma. Then go, my sister, said he, your career is too glorious to be checked. In contemplating your conduct, I rise above all the prejudices of party. Alas, my sister, I know too well the sorrows of love and separation not to respect them. You find me here the foe of Henry, but it is not now the day of battle, and were he at this moment here, should I not expand these arms to receive the lover of Emma? Go then. But we are on the eve of a desperate undertaking.—Our army moves to-morrow. I tremble for thee! Perhaps we may never meet more—perhaps—ah retire, retire, my best loved sister, ere the idea of losing you
for

for ever should tempt me to break my promise, and——

——This fraternal kiss, this affectionate embrace, and farewell. Give me not leisure to reflect, let me not have opportunity to consider the consequences of thus——

Ah take her from me, Sir Robert, she is gaining on my affections, and I shall not be able——

Here he stopped, Mr. Corbett; Emma beheld the gathering storm of tenderness coming on, and exerting a resolution more than human, as fearing she should be prevented from pursuing the great object of her adventure, which was even dearer than a brother, she caught me by the arm, and shortened a scene too poignant to be continued.

No sooner were we alone——I am interrupted. Farewell.

IN CONTINUATION.

No sooner had we got beyond the reach of those sighs which were breaking from the heart of Edward, than his lovely sister fell upon her knees, pressed my hand to her bosom, and spake thus.—Oh generous deliverer, I devote to thee the first moment that the confusion of crowding incidents allow, to pour forth the tribute of my gratitude. I ask not the means by which Heaven directed you to me, but I feel the motive

motive of your voyage so pathetically, so perfectly, so——ah Sir Robert, wherefore do you heap on me this agonizing goodness? Wherefore did you pursue the footsteps of one whose pre-occupied heart and plighted hand make it impossible to reward your kindness or your generosity? Not even a beloved brother, whom I thought breathed no more, not even Edward, long-lost and newly found, could prevail with me to forego the purpose of my pilgrimage. No, by this affecting effusion of tears which are now bathing your hand, I swear——but it is unnecessary. Behold a woman firmly resolved, Sir Robert, oh why are you then——indeed it is vain, *indeed* it is. Go then I conjure you, return to my dear, my drooping father—assure him that his Emma is in no danger—tell him that his darling son is found; alas! how I forget myself! of this you say he is already informed; but at all events return; it is to no end that you follow me: how can you expect——

I expect it *not*, Miss Corbett, said I, attempting to raise her up.

Here will I remain, cried she, till you pledge to me your honour that you will here close the debts which it will never be in my power to discharge. It is no place or time for argument, Sir Robert. You are even now preventing me from the
great

great business of my life. I beseech you to leave me. I am not ignorant of your passion, but I thought your prudence in never revealing it to me by your own mouth—in short, sir, I must insist on—

I saw her mistake, my dear Corbett, and briefly explained it. How shall I describe to you the emanation, the burst of tender gratitude, when she found—but indeed I do not deserve half she said, or half she thought.

Alas! it is passion still that drives me on—not, indeed, the passion which partakes of one gross image, or of one vehement appetite. Pitied be the wretch who persecutes an engaged heart. Yet I love to see, to serve, to oblige her—I love to——

Again interrupted! No wonder. I am writing amidst scenes of constant disturbance. The seats and theatres of war are before me. The guards of a generous enemy, in compassion to private woe, are in front and rear. It is all deathful preparation. There is no prospect of peace. On every brow is defiance. In every eye flashes the bloody determination. We hear the shrieks of widows and daughters and fatherless children, as we move forward. Families are busied in burying their dead, rescued from the corruption of promiscuous carnage. Hearses and funerals pass thick along. The bell of death tolls out
in

in every street; but Emma is still fixed in her design. Her eyes melt, her countenance is pale, but her heart pants with love, and her soul is undaunted. Adieu.

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh sacred force of sovereign tenderness! Emma has tidings of her Henry. Our enquiries have at length terminated in success. He is now with his regiment off John's Town. Thither we are bending our course with the utmost expedition. I send you not the minutiae of intervening adventures. They yield to enterprises of greater moment. We are within one day's journey of the place.

By heavens, Corbett, the roses are suddenly thrown over the cheek of your child, and the pale of fatigue and sickness and loss of blood, (which has not been inconsiderable) all give way to the joyful expectation of seeing her Henry.

Surely it requires only a generous effort to turn our disappointments to amiable account. To conquer affection is not, I feel, always possible; but to direct it from one worthy path into another, when the former is unfit or unjust, is assuredly in our power. Henry himself cannot adore Emma more sincerely than myself. My whole heart is hers; oft it trembles, oft it bleeds, but the choice either to be the
Y object

object of esteem or the object of aversion is before me. Oh I would not forfeit the partial sentiment which my conduct has lodged in the breast of Emma, for any other earthly enjoyment. She owns me for her friend, her *first* of friends. She talks to me without reserve.—She looks at me sometimes till the heart's soft tear is in her eye. Ah, that tear! it is more worth than the possession of all the reluctant beauty that ever gold, grandeur, or importunity, extorted into their arms. I feel it stream over my senses. Blessed sympathy! Pure effusion! Generous, glorious Emma!

I am penciling these informations of our route, sometimes in the vehicle, and sometimes in a room.

Emma has this moment desired the driver to stop. The door of the chaise is open; she jumps out, saying to me in a whisper, that a lucky thought strikes her.

I will follow her.

IN CONTINUATION.

God of all goodness! didst thou ever create another Emma?

In passing along, she took note of some bushes which were covered thickly with a dun-coloured berry that clustered in the hedge-rows. I assisted her in gathering these without daring to ask for information

as

as to causes. She hath an air of intreaty which cuts short all curiosity about motive, and leaves us no other solicitude than that of gratifying her by implicit obedience.

I knew not the design of Emma in picking the berries till the evening, and *then* she explained to me their use.

Now for an *experiment*, dear Sir Robert, said she, taking up the bundle, and going into her chamber at a publick-house where we baited at twilight.

In about an hour she re-entered—she *re-entered*, Corbett; but oh how different from that Emma who had so recently retired! You know the clear and lucid white that mixes with the eloquent bloom in her countenance—you know that rich tint of tenderness and ardour, of pathetic softness and graceful passion, which forms her complexion. Imagine my astonishment at beholding these discoloured in the darkest shade of that peculiar disguise which the juice of the berries we had collected cast over the skin. The stain was deep, strong, and apparently fixed. It resembled almost exactly the hue of some of the savages whom we had observed to be wounded in a town through which we passed.

It was certainly *inspiration*, (said Emma, rejoicing at the alteration as she surveyed it in the glass.) Ah how preferable this

precious dye, continued she, to the fairest complexion in the world! I shall assist Henry, I shall touch his dear hand, and attend him in every danger, without distressing him by surprize, or disarming him by softness. Oh, my good Sir Robert, romantic as may seem the steps I have taken, be assured that I proceed with the utmost caution. I do not even *now* design to interfere with the horrid virtues of Henry's profession. I will not dare to place myself betwixt him and his duty. I will share his dangers, but cannot consent any longer to bear about a wretched being without at least attempting to render it serviceable to my friend. Your generosity well fits you to receive these apologies, if indeed any apologies should be necessary for the conduct of Emma on this trying occasion.

I could not reply, Mr. Corbett. Even her avowals of the affection that she bears to Henry become new sources of my tenderness and admiration. But we are setting off again.

The next stage brings us to ***.

Adieu.

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh Corbett, Corbett, who shall anticipate a moment's joy, a moment's satisfaction! By what an accident was my last sentence

sentence interrupted?—Your son—your poor son—your Edward, your dear, your darling Edward, is now *indeed*—

Bear up, my hapless friend, against the storm. To learn to suffer is the science of humanity. Each has his throes of heart. War, which levels millions with the dust, has, at length—

But oh the generous youth, in what a cause he fell!— Unable to support our departure, he obtained his furlow and followed us. The humane general permitted him to seek his sister, and either guide her to the arms of Henry, or persuade her to return. He promised to return in three days. Alas! he will return no more. A party of the English were burning a village after a sudden attack. Edward drew his unavailing sword to defend himself and the inhabitants, who were flying different ways in terror and despair.—And there, my friend, it was your son received his wound—his wound of death.

The conquerors drove off the cattle, loaded themselves with the spoils of conquest, then suffered the peasants to escape, and returned to the troops from whence they had been detached.

Edward bled fast; but having traced our route, he gave directions to the two soldiers who accompanied him, and pressed onward. He was resolved once more, he said, to behold his sister. The men,

who were indeed of those under his command, obeyed his orders; supported him on each side as he sat in the chaise, till, poor young man!——

——You know the rest. He sunk upon one of their shoulders, and with his dying breath insisted on their taking his corpse to Emma, of whom he had received tidings by the guide who had last left us, and whom he met on his return.

The poor fellows came on disconsolate with their dead master. They reached the town where we stopped, and were passing the window of our inn, when we heard a cry of “the armies are engaged, the armies are engaged!”

The postilion got from his horse; the two soldiers (who had taken the precaution to alter their dress as Americans) leaped from the carriage, and joined the multitude that thronged the streets.

The body of Edward was deserted. Emma, (who had then just finished her remarks on her disguise) seeing a man lie motionless, approached the chaise door, and there she beheld——

Oh Mr. Corbett, what accumulated miseries is it fated for this virtuous woman to undergo!

’Tis *I* then that have *caused* thy death, thou beloved youth, said she! No language can describe her agonies, but they were attended to by none but myself:
for

for the whole town was in consternation at the news of the engagement. Every house was emptied. The two armies had marched all night, and distributed their forces. We heard of the largest parties being engaged off John's-Town, and in that place was quartered the regiment of Henry. What was to be done? Edward lay dead before us. Emma was folding his clay-cold body in her arms. She seemed to be lost in a stupor of irremediable grief. She forgot for a while her Henry. The alarm spread every moment more wide——horror exhibited itself in every possible form. To continue in such a situation was madness: to leave the breathless remains of Edward——oh shocking thought!——Oh Mr. Corbett, the exigencies of war, and the terrors of a town under such a panic, are not to be described. Old men were moving their decrepid limbs from door to door in despair of escape, and mothers with their children went wailing by us.

With pious haste, these hands, assisted by my heart, (which is devoted to every connection of Emma) prepared an hasty grave for the reliques of your son.—Emma touched at the ceremony burst into a flood of tears, and exerting herself beyond what is reported of her sex, joined in the last sad offices of love.

We are just come from the sacred spot where Edward is deposited!—Emma recovers

covers—she has been several times upon her knees during my marking these circumstances of our distress. Let us go on, Sir Robert, she says, or rather, oh generous man, remain you here, and let me proceed; my duty to Henry yet remains.——

It was in vain to expostulate. She saw the danger, but felt no emotions of dismay. All feminine and gentle as she is, she rose above the spirit of humanity.

I insisted on the privilege of attending. She pressed my hand within hers, and we set out for the scene of action.

It was altogether an impulse of most solemn enthusiasm. Emma was resolved, and I am the friend of Emma.

Yet the tearful looks which she cast towards Edward's grave pierced me to the heart. One hallowed kiss more imprinted upon that earth, Sir Robert, and I will delay no longer. Pity a sister!

I stood at some distance and saw the lovely one depart. O what minutes were these! She came forward as if she had made up her mind, and then, while the resolution seemed nearly formed, nature relapsed again into a sister's tenderness, and yet once more she embraced the earth.

At last, summoning her utmost strength, she exclaimed "the will of God be done:"
and

and then, in weeping submission, joined me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Surely Emma Corbett is an angel, and not a mortal woman! I have had near thirty hours severe sickness, a fever as violent as sudden seized me. It could not have happened at a crisis more cruel, for we are in the very midst of personal dangers; yet nothing could tempt Emma to leave me one moment. She has nursed me as I were her child. She administered the cordials with her own dear hand. Never was parent half so tender: such softness of gratitude—such over-powering attention. Oh, bless her, bless her. I am now able to pass on, and to pursue the footsteps of my beloved associate.

Adieu, Adieu!

IN CONTINUATION.

Oh heavens! I tremble to tell you how near we are to the field of battle!

We can hear guns firing in the neighbouring woods. The English are skirmishing with the rebels in twenty different parts of these environs.

IN CONTINUATION.

Yes, Corbett, Henry is amongst them. He is spoken of by these poor trembling peasants

peasants and their masters, as the most gallant officer in the army of the British General. No person ventures now to go to bed. It is altogether a scene of bloodshed, havock, and horror. The feeble Emma drops under her fatigue.

I write as moments permit, resolved every way to shew my affection to your dear family as far as it be possible; though heaven only can tell whether this packet will ever——

——Oh dreadful extremity! some wounded men are passing by us in a waggon. Emma rushes forward to enquire of the driver if Mr. *Hammond* yet lives——

“He has been fighting since day-break.”
Such the reply.

A young woman is at this moment following the corpse of her husband. It is indeed too much. Emma is bowed to the earth. Oh, if she dies!

IN CONTINUATION.

Better tidings! The rebels are routed. We have traversed the environs, but in vain: The English are said to be on their return to John's-Town. Emma breathes in expectation. Oh for strength a little longer, and all will be well, Sir Robert, says she!——

IN CONTINUATION.

The dreadful news is arrived!—Oh Mr. Corbett, the blow is struck. The life of your poor Emma must soon close, for Henry Hammond is—how shall I speak it—Henry Hammond is DEAD.

IN CONTINUATION.

The men who have escaped the slaughter are returned and confirm the news. Emma—the agonized Emma—is at the point of——

——I cannot speak: I cannot write. I shall not survive her.

Adieu.

P. S. Perhaps this is the last account either of us may be able to transmit—an officer, whom I have just met, is appointed to go off with dispatches to England. The opportunity must not be lost. Oh Corbett, if you never hear more, receive the last prayers of one whose life is valuable only as it can promote the happiness of Emma: that being now for ever obstructed, for ever closed, what is there in this world that can render tolerable the existence of such a wretch as

ROBERT RAYMOND?

N. B. I have ventured to whisper it very softly to Emma, that I am about to
seal

seal the packet which my trembling hand has written as it could snatch the flying minute.—“*To my father!* said she Oh God! oh God!—Tell—tell him——.

Here she folded her arms, looked up to Heaven, tried to articulate more, and sunk upon the bed.

Unfortunate Corbett! This fatal war has reduced all the honours and blessings of your house to the dust! Alas! how many thousand fathers *beside* has it not wounded beyond the reach of this world's remedies?

I have stolen from the chamber of Emma to scribble the *inclosure* in the presence of proper witnesses, by whom it is attested. As we are dying in virtue, do *thou*, oh venerable man, still try to live in peace, and await the stroke which shall be commissioned from above, in God's good time, to summon you to us.

One more look at Emma, that I may send you the latest intelligence.

She breathes.

The silver chord is not quite broken: yet the cold, *cold* dews descend so fast—

No—I have, after the pause of another hour, visited her again.

In her pulse there is yet promise. In her eye there is yet hope. Poor Corbett, let it comfort you—let it reconcile you to life.

A third time I have looked in upon her. The officer who is going to the head quarters with the news of the various fortunes that have attended the detached parties in this part of the country, has, in great humanity, waited. I told him, that a father's happiness or despair was concerned in his obliging me. His last minute is come. At that minute your cherub child appears to me—for I dare not deceive you—from another hand it will come with a more crushing weight——

Now, now—even *now*, my friend, you are, I fear, within a few seconds of being childless.

If her fever continues to rage another hour, as it rages at this crisis, no earthly power can delay her passage to heaven! At this we ought not to grieve perhaps, but humanity, shaken to her center, cannot——

Oh my God, I heard a shriek——

——I dare not stay another moment. Oh, farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.*

THAT paragon of her sex, your daughter! That man too, soaring above the flight of humanity, who attended her as the companion of all her perils, all her pangs! The writer of this letter (or more properly speaking, the person by whom this letter is dictated) is at a loss by what means, or in what language, to convey to you the wonders which yet he is most anxious to impart.

By gentle degrees—oh, Mr. Corbett, let me open upon you the blessings which, by the contrivance of Providence, have been brought about. Summon your heart to bear the best, the dearest news which it is in the nature of human things for you to hear. O let the agony of *that* information, which Sir Robert Raymond's letter has, doubtless, produced, be, in great measure, done away by the happier tidings that will salute you in this.

The *hand-writing* of the person now dictating, would too much discompose you. He makes use, therefore, of an amanuensis to prepare the way to circumstances of uncommon joy; and to give them

* From Henry Hammond.

to you in the security of more progressive explanation.

The leading step to every other felicity you must hear *first*. You who have deeply drank of the bitter cup, must now try to support, without intoxication, the taste of sweeter ingredients.

From the point of death your Emma has recovered. The interposing hand of heaven was *suddenly* extended.

Ten days after the departure of Sir Robert's packet, she was in a situation to leave her bed. To what *purpose* did she leave it? Resolution, oh how sacred is thy force when animated by the breath of love!

If Henry be dead, said she, it is still the duty of Emma to pay him the mournful offices which she has paid to Edward.

She insisted on searching for the corpse of the man who had caused all her misfortunes.

The generous Sir Robert Raymond was at that time himself confined by sickness which threatened his life: when he was out of danger, Emma gave him in tenderest charge, and set out, alone, towards those woods where some late skirmishes had passed. On her way she had the precaution to use again those berries which tinge the skin: to these she added a certain bark that had been mentioned to her in the course of her various enquiries.

Behold, oh Mr. Corbett, behold the dear and delicate Emma, wandering, unprotected, in the woods of America.—Behold her bearing over her tender shoulder the mere necessaries of decent covering.—Behold the most gentle, and most female form exposed to all the dangers of a wild and unknown country—picking her food from the hedges—straying she knew not whither—in disguise—in disorder—in despair!

Incredible were the toils of her research—incredible her fatigue. The forests are here, you know, of great extent: the wilds immeasurable.

After several days travelling, during which time she had not encountered any passenger who could give her the least intelligence, she sat herself down as usual, about the noon, and wept over her misfortunes.

Scarce had she rested a moment, ere the clamour of human voices, shouting at a small distance, caught her attention. She pressed hastily forward through the foliage, and observed, at a little aperture in the forest, a party of soldiers engaging with a tribe of Indians; but while she was eagerly examining the persons of the *former*, the *latter* were put to flight, and retreated with the utmost precipitation: the soldiers pursued, and both were out of sight

fight ere Emma had time to approach nearer to them.

She saw enough, however, to convince her that the regimentals were British, and the uniform of the officers such as belonged to the regiment of Henry; you will guess her despair when she did not perceive Henry amongst them.

The bodies of several English soldiers were seen in different parts of the forest, but the corpse of Hammond could by no diligence, be found.

Still indefatigable, she went on, though by this time reduced almost to the last exigencies of nature, and every thing subdued but tender resolution, and the love which inspired it.

At length, Providence relented to her wishes, and directed her steps to a broad common path-way, across which was extended a human figure, lying as dead, with an arrow sticking in his bosom. You already perceive that it was no other than *Henry himself*. This you *may* perceive, but no tongue can give you the faintest idea of that unparalleled heroism and fidelity, which now inspired the soul of Emma! She found the body yet warm, the pulse slowly moving, and the heart languidly beating with life. She extracted the arrow, and sucked the wound—she had heard of the Indians using shafts whose points were envenomed: and right-

ly concluding *this* to be one of them, applied to it her lovely lips without hesitation.—This additional danger, was an additional motive to the deed. Oh Mr. Corbett, what an angel is Emma!

Signs of existence increased. With scarce a covering from the sky, the affectionate Emma sheltered her unfortunate charge for many days. Ere his senses returned, she thickened her disguise by all the arts in her power. Oh can any thing less eloquent than the great Author of Nature describe to you the transport of this wondrous creature when she first beheld the long-closed eye of Henry open on the light—and open on herself?

Think, Mr. Corbett, how difficult *concealment* must have been at this extatic moment; then, consider what presence of mind was necessary, to repress the dear and dangerous effusion. The silver tones of the softest voice in the world were so artfully changed, as to correspond with the rest of her appearance. She fed him with what the fortune of an hour's hunting amongst the fruits of the forest afforded. He could not move. No soldiers returned. Men drop in a skirmish, and are sought for no more. No house was near: no hut: and she dared not stray too far from the place where he lay, lest she should lose sight of the spot. But now Henry felt the puncture of a want which even Emma could

could not accommodate. Fruits and vegetables, collected by chance, as they grew obvious, and within the beat of Emma's journeyings, were too unsubstantial. It seemed as if famine would compleat what poison had begun. For lack of proper nutriment after fatigues so imminent, he was reduced to an extreme of languor even worse than that of Emma; whom tenderness seemed to have rendered superior to every thing that could befall herself.

In these moments it was that Henry yielded to despair—in these moments his heart melted with gratitude to his protector—

Oh generous unknown, (said he feebly) whosoever thou art, receive the dying acknowledgments of the man whom thou hast endeavoured to rescue from an untimely death. Had those kind endeavours succeeded, what thanks shouldst thou receive from one of the *best*—the *dearest*—but it may not be—I am nearly exhausted—perhaps, ere yet another hour moves by—left that *should* be the case, let me, oh let me, while yet I have the power to call down heaven's choicest blessings on that lovely mourner, whose tears are haply streaming at this moment for the expiring Henry—Ah sir, ah worthy youth, couldst thou see her—couldst thou attest for me these dying sentiments

timents—couldst thou assure her that with my last breath——But that is impossible, she is a thousand leagues from these fatal shores. No matter. Oh hear me, God! do *thou*, this *night*, this *instant*, suggest to her what was my last employment—my last aspiration. Oh Emma! Emma! my life, my love!——

Here he fell on the bosom of Emma, and would *indeed* have died had he known it was Emma that supported him.

She pressed his hand. She could not speak. To the Omnipotent Father of Mercy she cast the imploring eye!

Let not the human heart give up its confidence in Heaven. It is never too late to trust!

A team now passed within sight of this disconsolate pair. They were laden with provisions and apparel drawn in sledges, and small waggons, and were on their way to three detachments of soldiers, (who had applied to the General for these accommodations) that were stationed on the north side of the forest. Amongst this group were also some cattle, of which some were cows. It is unnecessary to say what use the unwearied Emma made of these, her winning address, and the moving simplicity of her grief, joined to the wretched situation of an English officer who appeared to be

he almost at the point of death, gained so entirely upon the soldiers and people who attended the sledges and waggons, that they administered whatever could promote the wish of Emma, and even furnished her with a sledge, a mule, and a guide, to carry Captain Hammond to John's-Town.

Thus providentially saved from death a *second* time, I shall not trouble you with other difficulties in the passage, or in the progress of Henry's recovery, though the least of these were enough to immortalize Emma Corbett; but I shall convey your imagination to John's-Town, where Henry and his protector at last arrived, and found Sir Robert Raymond recovered from his fever, and just about to set out again in pursuit of Emma.

To her assiduous cares were now super-added those of this excellent man, and Henry became in a short time the nurseling of both. He could walk, converse, and his wound was healing. Emma's dear perilous experiment was guarded—the prospect clear on every side. One afternoon Sir Robert gradually prepared Henry for the softest surprise that could touch the heart of a lover; he discovered himself to be the friend of Mr. Corbett—he assured Henry that he saw Emma in good health a little before he left England—he asserted, in the strongest terms, her constancy,

stancy, her attachment, her love—and said that such was the force of her affection he should not wonder some day or other to hear that she was arrived in America.

—*Yes*, and in America she is arrived, cried she (entering at this moment, agreeable to the plan concerted) She is arrived—she is *here*—she is now in the presence of her beloved Henry—she now offers him the hand of Emma for EVER!

Emma was yet in her boy's apparel, but had washed the stain from her lovely countenance, and discovered enough to throw Henry first upon his knee to the restoring God, and then into the arms of this tenderest of women.

You will not expect I should tell you what *either* felt at this moment! You will not expect I should describe the series of delicious sorrow and gratulations which followed, while all the enterprizes of Emma were relating to Henry. He found himself the most blest, most honoured, and most beloved of men! He found Emma all that language *cannot* express. He found——

——in short, it was a false rumour you see that reached Emma at John's-Town, respecting the death of Henry. He was reserved for Emma to discover and to restore.

He

He is discovered, he is restored.—Emma is now before him—Emma the most generous, most——

——Oh Mr. Corbett! Henry is the happiest of mankind. He now TELLS you that he is—he dictates these explanatory sheets—they flow from his grateful heart—the tenderest mercies of Providence have been upon him; they are to be seen—they may be felt: you will no longer refuse to give him the hand of Emma! ah that he were worthy of her. Disclose, he beseeches you, these tender circumstances to Louisa, his sister. Oh he can hold no longer, he is too, too happy; he takes the pen from the amanuensis and——No! it is not necessary to sign the letter. The writer is now known.

Adieu.



LETTER CXXVII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE blessings of Providence are at length manifest; since the packet from Henry, must, ere this, be come to hand. It is not easy to tell you how totally I have in *them* annihilated *myself*, for many days past. Henry recovers apace. The attentions of Emma, indeed, so pointed and

and so pure, might almost raise him from the dead. Yet I almost envy her the share she had in this discovery, and all its happy consequences. I can scarce forgive my illness for seizing me at such a time. It is Emma alone who has been the saviour of Henry. It is Henry only who can merit such salvation. You can image to yourself nothing so tender as his gratitude, so warm as his affections, or so perfect as his delicacy. From his somewhat military style of address I expected not this, and am equally surprised and delighted. Yes my dear old companion, you have yet a daughter, and will, in a few days, boast also——

Oh my friend, how infinitely I fall beneath the standard of my ambition! How incorrect is human virtue! How frail is human fortitude! The prospect of Henry's becoming your son, does not charm this rebel heart half so sincerely as it ought to do; and yet, heaven is witness, that I am doing every thing to advance his health and his happiness.

Self-interested, perhaps, still. I doat on promoting the felicity of Emma by any means. I am proud to please her. I consider the youth of Henry, and wish it the joys it is formed to taste. I reflect on my own age, and think that I am too silly to be pardoned. I am entirely convinced of my folly, and yet hug it to my heart

Ah

Ah Mr. Corbett, what is there in that subtle and active principle which we thus feed in our bosoms, and which turns, serpent-like, against the nourisher? It stings, and we are not angry: it tortures, and we do not, *cannot* command it to depart from us. Something, like the healing balm, flows into the wound, and recompenses us, for all we suffer. The misery which is the consequence of a tenderness like mine, is compounded of such sweet ingredients, that it is not in the nature of the tender heart to wish it were removed. And yet, my friend, it is most intense. I have found the vanity of attempting to argue myself into neutrality. It is virtue and beauty that have attracted—that have bound me! Ere a soul like mine can free itself from *such* captivity, the enchanting powers of its object must change; its beauty become deformity, and its virtue vice. 'Tis out of the question. The great point of moral propriety is in every man's power, and consequently in mine. The human heart loves as it listeth—it sees its bias, and trembles towards it: but society, religion, and the laws, are all to be respected, and he who presumes to overleap these, renders himself contemptible.

Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

A a LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

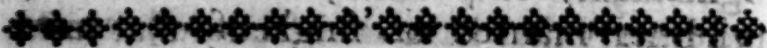
TO THE SAME.

EMM A, in all the graces of the female dress, appears more lovely from the late concealment of her charms. She has resumed her former self.—Oh Corbett, what a woman!—Happy, happy Henry! what years of bliss——

——My friend, I am not well.—I am not as I ought to be.—I cannot write!

Farewell, farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXIX.

TO HENRY HAMMOND, ESQ.

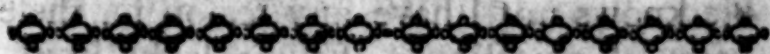
ABSENCE from home must have thrown your pecuniary affairs into disorder: at any rate, the war must have rendered your remittances irregular. As a soldier and a single man, you might dispense with these obstacles; as a connected man, about to take on him the sweet charge of providing for a virtuous woman, you feel how much the case is altered. It is by mere chance I have found out that you are waiting a supply from England. On the present occasion, that you should

want

want cash is most natural: that you should *wait* for is, most cruel. Luckily, I have brought with me enough to accommodate us both.—The inclosed may answer an immediate purpose. You say you are my friend, shew yourself such by using what I offer till your return to England, when you will please to repay me the amount. I am not, you see, involving you in an obligation, but drawing you into a debt. The only *interest* I shall desire, is, that my name may not be mentioned to Emma in this business. The circumstances between us *men* are nothing;—they are things of course.—Women, you know, look through a medium so peculiar, and are indeed, whether married or single, so delicately circumstanced, that a man of honour trembles to offer, what they tremble to accept. I know you want money, and so don't be foolish.

Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXX.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

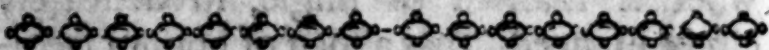
HENRY grows importunate. He urges me to assure Emma, by virtue of my
 A a 2 medical

medical knowledge, that his health is established. He affects unusual mirth and vivacity to prove this. He is become intimate with the chaplain of the regiment, who is engaged to perform the——

—By heavens, Corbett, I cannot bring myself either to forget these things, or to think of them without misery. Inconsistent! I shall do all right *ultimately*, but opposite sensations are at war within me. I walk in the proper path, but I am too susceptible of the thorns which wound me.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXXI.

TO THE SAME.

TO-MORROW, oh Corbett, is to be the day!—Henry presses me to attend. He knows not I have any reason for these *heart-felt* objections. Emma looks unutterable sympathy. She seems labouring for an apology. She pities me. Her tears attest it. Henry beholds them descend, and kisses them away with a trembling lip. What! give her to another—be *accessary* to the last circumstance of my despair! Oh most agonizing—most impossible!

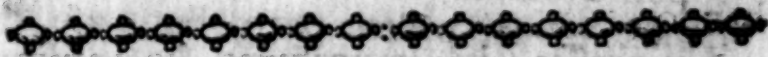
Yet

Yet Henry entreats—he appeals to me
in the name of parent, saviour—

—What shall I do? I wish them happy,
happy even *together*—but to be *present*
at the ceremony!—to forward the stroke
that cuts off every hope for ever! Nature
recoils at the task, and I am too much the
subject of her authority to go through it.

Adieu.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXXII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

OH my friend, receive the tribute of
my sympathy. Generous man! what can
I do to soften the woes of which I am un-
happily the cause? Invent, I beseech you,
some reason to absent yourself on the mor-
row. Call to your aid some pious dis-
guise to save yourself and me ten thou-
sand wounds. Your presence will wholly
destroy the bliss of the day—even of that
day which gives to me the hand of Hen-
ry. Indeed it will. I see your emotions.
I see your conflicts. They escape your
soul's most amiable effort. They break
through your bosom. I see them in your
tears. I feel them in your sighs, for my sake

A a 3

—for

—for your own—for Heaven's—do not continue longer, *much* longer under our roof. I esteem you so truly that I cannot bear the constraint which will soon be imposed. Your virtues have placed you in the second place of my affections—the second place is *friendship*, and that is yours while I can distinguish—while I can feel one worthy sensation. But oh consider, that the first place is *love*, and that is Henry's—Henry my *almost* husband.

He presses, he importunes, he insists, in all the emphasis of tender controulment, that to-morrow may be the day. He almost chides me for coldness of sentiment towards him.

—Alas, my dear friend, it is your sorrows, painted in *your* countenance and in your late conversation when we have been together, which produces this grateful reluctance.

I owe you——ah what do I *not* owe you? I would do much—I would do every thing that is *possible* to serve you.

The billet you sent me this morning cuts me deeply. You there hint your design to leave Philadelphia.—

I perceive the motive; nay, you disdain disguise, and have in part avowed it. All but this, you say, you can support.—My dear, dear friend—author of many a comfort—soother of many a care—what would

I give,

I give, had no accident of life produced in your gentle breast these sentiments for Emma.

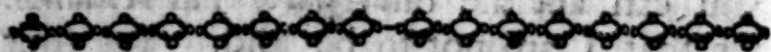
Hitherto all has been well—all has been great and glorious. You still assure me you can act the only part that remains. Of that I am not to be told. Yet your friendship is attended by so much suffering, so much piercing sensibility, that even at this blest moment my heart bleeds for you.

If you will—oh hard request—if you will gently withdraw yourself for a time only, till you have gained composure, I will defer—I will frame some fresh excuses to Henry for my——

Pity me, Sir Robert, and save us both the pangs of an explanation. It will, perhaps, not be in my power to correspond in *this* way any more. I know your friendship will insist upon my fulfilling to the utmost every duty in life, and every engagement. Should this, therefore, be the last letter that passes between us, I conjure you to believe, that of every petition, of every fervent prayer that I offer to heaven, your health and your happiness will form a part. I did not think it possible that any thing could fall out to make me wretched, with the immediate prospect of being united to Henry; and yet such is my genuine esteem for you, Sir Robert, that I cannot be perfectly happy
while

while I am conscious of creating misery to one of the noblest of mankind. Henry enters, and I can say no more.

EMMA.



LETTER CXXXIII.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

WH Y leave us at this charming crisis, oh invaluable friend? Will you, who have brought my treasure safe through so many perils, refuse to see it locked for ever securely in the faithful arms to whose embrace you preserved it? Unkind! Your servant brings word too that you now lie sick at your apartment: yet that you resolve to depart on a tour the instant you can bear to be removed. This must not be. Emma has delayed the nuptials because she was too much harrassed in spirits. And now I will myself put them back a little, that they may not want the ornament of such a friend as Sir Robert Raymond. Yes; I will defer even the possession of Emma, till her most generous protector is able to sanctify the union by his presence. You keep your chamber, it seems. I will enter it without delay. You shall not deny me admittance. You shall not suffer me to depart till you are in

EMMA CORBETT. 273

in a condition to do so too. Emma insists upon this.

Adieu, ever dear, ever valuable Sir Robert, adieu.

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER CXXXIV.

TO EMMA CORBETT.

OBLIViate the billet, oblivate the conversation! 'Twas feeble humanity. 'Twas the graceful relapse of the heart, which started a little from its purposed point, but returns again, and reflexes on its center. I feel that my very pride is touched. Oh, Emma, you must not so far outstrip me in generosity. Delay no longer your nuptials; and may the choicest benedictions of Almighty God be shed upon them! I am wholly myself again, and I am yours, in the spirit of holy friendship, while I have being.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXV.

TO HENRY HAMMOND,

I WILL not suffer you to protract your joys any longer upon my account. I write to you from a village where I am, by advice removed for air. Send me word that you are the happiest of mankind, and when I can bring as much health in my face as either a bride or bridegroom ought to look at, I will not fail to greet you in Philadelphia, where I am extremely glad to find all remains quiet.

Farewell. My tenderest respects await Emma—*Hammond* I had almost said.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXXVI.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

THE greatest trial of mine, and perhaps of human life, is past; for I have just heard that your daughter is the wife of Henry, and yet I am able to hold the pen. Is there not a certain decent pride that sustains us after the great and difficult duties are performed? Something like a preternatural consciousness plays about my

my heart, as I consider this triumph over my own passions. It is a sacrifice of *self* to *society*. It is——oh Mr. Corbett, I wish them very happy. This is their wedding day; an express has just reached the retirement I now enjoy——*enjoy* did I say! Alas, can you not trace the bleeding heart——can you not trace the piercing thorn through——

Away! it shall not be! And yet, to thee, my friend, I may safely trust aught that remains of unsubdued infirmity. If, haply you should detect one tear's deep mark upon my letter, if, perchance——

It is absurd. Henry Hammond is formed for Emma. I will muse upon my obstinate weakness, and become once more a reasonable creature—I will indeed, my dear old friend! give me a little time.

It is near eleven o'clock at night as I write this period.

I did not attend the ceremony, which was this morning performed.

I do not propose returning to Philadelphia for some days.

'Tis a dreary uncomfortable night. I am here too in a large apartment alone. Sighs burst from my bosom, and tears fall from my eyes, without any apparent cause. The effect of a thick drizy atmosphere perhaps——

——of a drizly atmosphere! Ah no—to the passing feeblenesses of nature we are all liable. Haply,

Haply, to-morrow's fun may make me nearer what I *wish*, and what I *ought* to be. In that fond hope I will now seek repose.

Corbett, what can be the reason of it? At the close of the last sentence I went into my chamber in order to go to bed, but I sat myself down in a chair by the side of it, and have not attempted to undress, though the day-light is beginning to dawn upon me. A thousand half-form'd images have been teasing me. I am about fourteen miles from that Philadelphia which now contains the loveliest couple I ever beheld. Corbett, I am extremely weak—and extremely ashamed of myself—

Fie upon me, how can I talk thus! You, perhaps, are mourning the death of a son, and the absence of a daughter, added to the grief of those disorders which tear your aged frame, and render you as wretched—as you are respectable. Unhappy parent, dear friend, adieu!—of *my* calamities you shall hear no more. I blush, and silence sits on this selfish subject for ever.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I RECEIVED your congratulations; I received your blessing; and to crown the *whole* of human happiness, I have received the hand of your daughter. Yet my transport has hurried me into an expression too bold. Oh I am a mortal still, Mr. Corbett: still am I vulnerable in a vital part. The fearful accounts you have transmitted of my poor sister, and of your *own* declining health, alarm and wound me. Hapless Louisa! dear reliet of the generous Edward! Ah that we had you both here, nursed by our care, and protected under the shelter of our most affectionate embraces. Sir Robert Raymond too, our second father, and our first of friends, would rejoice at this. Yet *he* keeps aloof from us. He used to be enamoured of our society, and now the deepest solitudes have seduced him from us. In vain I invite, in vain I implore. He is melancholy: he is mournful. Is there a cause for this? Ah that I could remove it! I have now been six weeks in the possession of Emma Corbett. She is my wife! God of Heaven, how I thrill with gratitude! Yet oh, Supreme Bestower of

B b

every

every good, if it were thy divine pleasure to restore my sister and my friends—if it be consistent with that awful design into whose depths I presume not to pry, to extend to *these* a portion of that felicity thou hast given to Emma and to me, the measure of my bliss will be full *indeed!* I am soothed by the prayer. It will be accepted. It was offered in the soul's most impassioned sincerity. Oh, my father, join it—join it fervently. It is now in heaven before the throne, the mercy seat! Have faith: have hope. We shall all be happy.

What can I say soft enough to convey to you the remembrances of a daughter's duty? Wait a little for her own language, which is the only proper vehicle to convey the emotions of her heart.

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER CXXXVIII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

I HAVE brought my pulses to be almost as obedient as I wish them. Reason is not so weak a power as we make her appear. Her province is perhaps, misunderstood, my friend. It is not tyranny, but a mild and *genial* authority, which she should exercise. The subjects of her sway are

are the passions; those of the *tender* kind are with the most difficulty governed.

I have applied to this our intellectual sovereign on a different principle. I implored her, not to inspire me with that *indifference* which is the usual prayer of the disappointed. The object of my love is married to the man of her heart. She obtained him at the price of almost unparalleled hazards. I saw every hope of possession cut off. It was an intolerable agony. I bore it till I became almost desperate. I indulged the passion even till the indissoluble bonds were tied against me. I saw the madness of my pursuit, and retired—retired, my dear Corbett, not to meditate revenge against a happy rival, but to manage my own wretchedness, and to *think*.

A serious appeal from the passions to the judgment is seldom made in vain. We miscarry, chiefly because we are *not* serious, but only *suppose* ourselves so.

I selected a quiet hour, and laid the simple facts before me. They were not elaborate. The woman of my affection (thus I argued) is now happily married. She is generous enough to pity and respect me for misery that she hath very unwillingly occasioned. Accidents have confirmed what Corbett at first betrayed. I have too much contributed to her present

happiness for her to treat me untenderly : and yet my farther intimacy will increase her distress, if it does not spread itself in time to her husband. How bitterly does she pay for my former services! What hinders her, now that she is in the arms of Henry, from looking upon my passion as insulting and impious? Those very services. Do I then presume, and persecute her upon these? Oh indelicacy! oh folly!

But can I conquer my affection? No. It is not possible; it is not necessary. To *extinguish bad* passions, and to *regulate good* ones, are the two great points within the compass of reason. To covet any longer the *person* of Emma would be infamous. It is an inhibition of law, of religion, and of God. But, are the merely sensual passions then at my age so very gross, that by no exertion, no interest, I can subdue them? What will be the consequence of my persisting? The distress of Emma, who now should taste only of joy, the suspicion of Henry, whose heart melts in gratitude towards me, and my own conscious upbraiding. Can I *sustain* these, or is an obstinate attachment to the only point which reason refuses me (and which, after all, is hopeless,) strong enough to support me? But *what* then am I to do? Does reason bring with her no compensations—no equipoise of reward for punishments

ments so severe? She does, and MANY. Shall I not rank amongst those the delights of a friendship not less *tender* though less *interested*—the *secret*-breathed prayer for one human being whose happiness is dearer to *me* than that of any other upon the earth—the generous sigh—the softening tear—the social smile—the self gratulation—the flush of virtue, pleased with *herself*—the smile of Emma—the assent of HEAVEN?

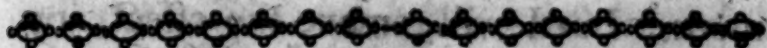
Oh Mr. Corbett, we have glorious faculties, had we the resolution to exert them. We are afraid to *begin*. The heart trembles at a view of its labour. We venture to climb the steep, and are dismayed. But every difficulty of soul and body diminishes by earnest perseverance. However cragged the mountain, or slippery its path, every effort brings us nearer to the summit; the second step is easier than the first, the third is smoother than the second. It is the motive of climbing that gives us fortitude. When the motive is *so great* as to concern the happiness of others, and our own duty is included, surely we should struggle to ascend. I, Corbett, *have* struggled—I cannot say how much or how long, but I can and do tell you in the sincerity of my soul, that though I am not, nor perhaps shall EVER be again a *happy* man, I do not wish either

the death of Henry, or the alienation of his Emma's affection. I can support the presence of both, when softness and wedded love fits *fairest* upon their features. And, tho' many a rising tear warns me that it is time to retire, no sentiment of irregular desire invades my heart. Henry cultivates my friendship with kindest care; I do not impute to him, his *happiness* as his *fault*. I recede not from his embrace, though I seldom make advances to conversation that relates to Emma: and yet Emma is his perpetual subject, and his darling theme. Her own conduct is such as corresponds with every part of her former life. Perhaps there never was a more affecting situation than she has to perform whenever I am present. It is indeed too much for a nature so gentle, and so ingenuous. But I will remove the effect, by removing the cause. Humanity should not *presume* to be perfect. I have carried a conquest as far, perhaps, as it can go. I have acquired strength by an examination of weakness. Let me not sink into captivity by fool-hardiness. I have done much. In attempting more, I may lose all the laurels I have won. Involuntary thoughts will trespass on the firmest mind. Emma is a tender wife, a tender friend. Heaven continue her so, while earth hath a feeling to make life desirable. But the familiar

familiar intercourse of a private family is somewhat too much for me at present. I constrain Emma whenever I visit her, and nature impels my steps towards Philadelphia but too often—to appear restrained. I beg you will tell my steward to prepare Castleberry for my reception. I will return to England. There is no danger of a relapse; but I am obliged to repeat the rescuing arguments too often. A few months absence will compleat my work. Henry and his WIFE—I wish, Corbett, I could write that word with a steadier hand—are happy. I leave them in the arms of each other. I——

——Oh Corbett, Corbett, I will set off for England without delay!

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXXXIX.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

I KNOW your character, and will give you another opportunity to gratify it; for I will offer you an occasion to oblige me. I have, for some time, felt myself extremely indisposed, not I believe in consequence of agitated spirits, or of my late fatigues in nursing the dear Henry, whom
Heaven

Heaven has restored to my solicitude and my affections, but from some *other* cause which feels more internal. I have not dared to breathe this matter to Henry, and indeed the satisfaction which I receive in seeing him well, and you—O my generous friend—happy, would incline me still to silence, were not my pains growing so strong that I cannot any longer conceal them. A little, however, of that kind ministration which your skilful judgment knows so well how to bestow, and whose good effects I have already so frequently experienced, will, I dare say, set all right again. Give me your advice in confidence, and without delay. Blessings attend your gentle heart and noble nature.

EMMA.

LETTER CXL.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

MY baggage was prepared, the wind was fair, the war would not have prevented me from setting out for England, and yet I am delayed. Human happiness shifts from point to point of her compass, and is never fixed.

Emma is again indisposed.

You

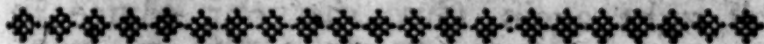
You must not expect me.

IN CONTINUATION.

Unhappy Corbett, when will fate cease to persecute your family, or to torture your friend? I tremble at the symptoms which discover themselves in Emma.

Yet do not despair. I may be deceived. We have long experienced the healing hand! remember this, and be still.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXLI.

TO SIR ROBERT RAYMOND.

OH my wife, my wife—the treasure of my existence! Leave her not, Sir Robert—leave her not a moment. Long has she concealed her misery from a wretch who is fated by every means to distress her.

Yes, Sir Robert, 'tis I, and only I, have murdered her. I am the accursed cause. Come to me, I conjure you, this moment. To what am I reserved! Is this my happiness? These the joys of possessing Emma—the great, the glorious Emma? Are six months of bliss SUPREME *thus* to terminate? Oh that I had died—that I had
had

286 EMMA CORBETT.

had remained for ever undiscovered—that I had never, never—On my knees I beg your aid, your society, your consolation. Quit your solitude. Reside, lodge, live here. I send by express. I have orders to join my regiment again. Curse on the war! I will have no more to do with it. Come immediately.

HENRY HAMMOND.



LETTER CXLII.

TO C. CORBETT, ESQ.

MR. Corbett, had it pleased heaven to turn away this bitter cup, or given me a less tender nature, or——

——yet let me not dare to murmur. I am perhaps blaming what is best.

Wretched veteran in sorrow, how shall I explain myself to you; how conceal what must, I foresee, be communicated?

But oh, consider my misery; I am upon the spot. I am a spectator of the scene—I am behind the awful curtain.

EMMA IS POISONED!

Shall I proceed?

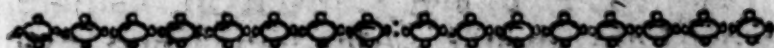
Henry is in the direst parchings of a fever, into which grief, tenderness, and terror, have conspired to throw him.

Oh

Oh that barbed and envenomed shaft!—that execrable infection which the lovely lips of the loveliest woman drew from the bosom—the wounded bosom—of her husband!

This moment I have opened and read the inclosed—

Whatever be the event, be proud, Corbett, be *enthusiastically proud*, that Heaven made *you* the instrument to produce so much excellence and virtue as shines forth in Emma. I tremble. I adore!



THE INCLOSURE, FROM EMMA.

I SEND this to *your* room, written in *that* of my husband. If you do not join me in my present purpose, his affection will destroy him. His fever is increased since you left his chamber, but his delirium is less violent. He hath an interval of sense. He has just kissed my cheek: he felt it wet, and wiped off the tear. If I write legibly, come directly, and tell him that I am out of all danger: tell him that the venom is all extracted: that the present appearances are only the natural effects of a stubborn contagion passing away: that I shall speedily recover. If you have
any

any friendship for me, induce him to believe this—induce him by your countenance, your voice, your spirits. It may stop the progress of his disorder—it may give it a turn—it may save his precious life. I am appealing to Sir Robert Raymond. I know the friend whom I address. As to myself, I shall do very well. I feel that I shall. I take every thing you prescribe—I obey all the other people order me. I will refuse nothing, if you will but restore my Henry—restore my husband——

Henry is enough himself to enquire what I am about? Asks how I find myself.—I have undrawn the curtain, and assured him of the alteration. He is sensible of it. He frequently clasped his hands and thanked his God: his BLESSING God!

He calls for you.

Now is the moment. Stay not an instant longer than you have read this.—haste, oh haste, to

EMMA.

I went. The poor man is piously deceived. Tears of bliss are at this instant coursing along his face. He took my hand. He laid it upon his heart. Let not Emma come too near me, (said he) perhaps my disorder may injure her. Tell her I bless her; but let her not approach my breath
any

any more. O, Sir Robert, (continued he) you are now a witness to my joy. I feel nothing of my disorder. I am quite well: bear the tidings to my wife. It will assist her recovery. It will make her happy.

I begged him to be composed.

He raved with incoherent joy.

Emma entered in the height of counterfeited spirits.

Henry was transported, and cried, Emma shall live!

IN CONTINUATION.

The fate of Emma will be slower than the fate of Henry,—for Henry, alas, is NO MORE.

He yielded his last breath about eleven o'clock this night.

He died in the arms of Emma.

Emma is this moment on the bed, clasping the breathless body.

Heaven thinks fit to make me a witness and a partaker of these calamities, which I relate by events, and not with the circumstances that produced them.

The facts will torture, but the narrative would kill you: poor, beloved, war-despoiled, old man!

I talk not to you of my feelings.

I only know that I would have shortened my own existence many years, to have saved the life of the hapless youth

whose corpse is stretch'd under my eye.

This may seem unnatural, and found untrue. I am before the Searcher of Hearts, who looks into this dreadful apartment. I can firmly appeal to his divine attestation.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have exhausted all words of praise in speaking of your daughter: and yet I cannot conceive a language to do her justice.

She was prevailed upon to leave the room of Henry soon after midnight. Upon seeing me near her as she rose, she burst into tears, and bid me look upon the bed.

It is poor Henry, (said she)—it is the man I sought—the man I found—the man I loved—the man whom Providence lent—but to refuse.

—It is MY HUSBAND—

Alas! it *was* my husband—I am the widowed Emma.

Be it so. I am not desperate. I am humiliated. It is very hard. I can scarcely bear it. He was extremely young. You cannot think how I loved him, Sir Robert. My heart is ready to break, but I will not repine. I know my duty. Indeed I do. And I will pursue it. You shall see I will, my friend.

Oh

Oh Corbett, grief now wholly overwhelmed her, and she fell again upon the bed.

Other duties press on me, said she, I must yet get health to sustain them, I will compose myself.

She was led into another apartment.

Her step, her look, her voice, her motion, are not to be described.

EMMA took leave of HENRY. You may image to yourself something like the parting.

IN CONTINUATION.

Henry is in his grave. Emma is not outrageous, but inconsolable.—Grief is at her heart. Disease is preying upon her frame. But she does not exalt the murmuring voice against the correcting hand. *I believe in God*, said she to me, some time ago. My trials are extreme, but I shall be unworthy to join Henry again, if I sink beneath them.

I feel that I shall die; but wish it to be a distant blow: for, oh, Sir Robert, I have reasons—~~such~~ reasons!

IN CONTINUATION.

Her reasons yet to live cannot any longer be concealed from you, my venerable afflicted!

C c 2

Your

Your daughter would live to be the parent of that LITTLE ONE with which Henry has left her——

SHE IS WITH CHILD.

The poison will not, I hope——

And yet it is possible that——

——the case is new

IN CONTINUATION.

Emma has formed another resolution of which Emma is alone capable.

Thus she spoke:—

My aged father, my distracted Louisa, my dear Henry's sister; oh lead me to them. My medicines may be taken on the sea. In following a virtuous, and heaven-directed affection, I have no idea of peril. Henry is dead, and I have nothing to fear——a friend—a parent lives, and I have yet a little to hope. Oh, Author of Nature, endue me with new force, new patience. Sir Robert, be still yourself, and quit not Emma.

You know my answer.

IN CONTINUATION.

We are upon our return. Emma is very commodiously situated. She has a cabin to herself. All that art could do in medicine has been attempted.

It is in vain——

——Corbett, SHE MUST DIE.

You

You will lose your daughter—
 Her malady is gradual, but sure—I
 DARE NOT FLATTER YOU.

IN CONTINUATION.

I went a little while ago into the cabin, and found your lovely one, anticipating all the tender providence of a mother. She was employed in those soft cares which the prospect—the very near prospect—of her travail justified.

—a little white robe or wrapper lay on the table finished before her.

—she had begun to plait the cap.

—if these, Sir Robert (said she) should ever become useful—if I should follow my husband ere I can suckle his child at this faithful bosom, do not forget—I conjure you do not—if the little wretch should live—do not forget to tell it that it was a mother's hand which prepared the mantle that first wrapped its tender form. Tell it, that for its dear sake I would have *lived* had it been possible—

Then pausing a little, she exclaimed—
 and here is my husband's picture—in that trunk are Emma's letters—yonder is the man's apparel in which I fought for my poor Henry. These legacies of love, (the pledges of a parent's fidelity) I bequeath my child, happen what may. They can-

not

not but be precious. Will they not be valued, think you, Sir Robert?

She perceived that my distress was too great.

Sir Robert Raymond, I glory in your attachment; I glory in your friendship. Had the world contained, or could it *ever* contain, any man in the eyes of Emma, but he who sleeps beneath its surface, it is not a question who would have captivated her heart!

At what a time was this spoken! Oh, Mr. Corbett, the single sensation of that moment was worth a myriad of vulgar lives.

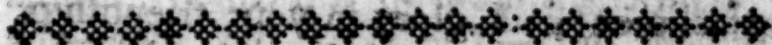
IN CONTINUATION.

We are landed. Emma lives.—We send this by the post, which is just setting out. It will reach you some hours before *we* shall. I write to prevent surprises. For Heaven's sake, exert yourself to meet your daughter—Let me prepare you for her appearance. Be not too much alarmed at her languor. You must not expect to see the bloom in her cheek, the lustre in her eye, nor her proportion of limbs, so exactly formed or furnished; yet she is truly touching, truly lovely. I am myself much changed: but, indeed, my friend,

friend, I shall be, to the latest moment
of my existence, unalterably

Yours,

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXLII.

TO FREDERICK BERKLEY, ESQ.

THE inclosed rough draft of letters
will enable you, O, my friend, to trace
the vestiges of some unhappy human be-
ings since their departure from London
to their return.

At present, fortune seems to continue
our wretchedness by means the most com-
plicate and inventive.

Two hours ago we arrived at the house
of the unfortunate Corbett. It was with
the utmost difficulty his daughter reached
town.

The first object that struck her was a
HEARSE standing close beside her father's
door. In the passage she beheld the un-
dertakers bearing a coffin down stairs.
The woe-worn Corbett was supported be-
tween two servants, to take his last
mournful leave of the friend whose re-
mains were about to be deposited. He
could not move. He had not received my
letter

letter from Portsmouth, dispatched three days before. It had been miss-sent. The letter did not come to hand till two hours after our arrival. He was not PREPARED to receive us.

Our chais drew up still closer. Emma rushed out.—The poor old man—the daughter.—

—We are not provided with a language to express these horrors.—

Almost an hour the child and parent remained speechless—it was surprise and agony, at once dumb and dreadful.

The hearse waited. The coffin was placed in it, and shut up.

The bell is at this instant tolling for POOR LOUISA: The sexton is come to tell the attendants that the clergyman is waiting. Wretched wife of Edward! She died distracted. The hearse is driving off.

What a house is here! Alas, it has long and truly been the house of mourning!

Corbett and Emma are still together in the next room to that in which I write. The servants look amazement and dismay.

I hear, methinks, the voice of my aged associate in friendship and in sorrow. I am called suddenly and hastily.—

Oh my friend, oh Berkley: to what am I reserved. A PREMATURE LABOUR has been brought on by hurry, agitation, fatigue. This morning's sun sees Emma
a mother.

a mother of a *living* child.—The poison seems to have been in the least degree communicated to this precious pledge. It is a female.

Alas! Emma would leap for joy at this circumstance; she would forget awhile her woes in viewing the babe whom Henry had bequeathed.—She would present it with some testimony of maternal transport to her drooping father.—But that—even Henry's offspring can no longer soothe—for EMMA CORBETT IS DEAD.—Her death instantly succeeded the pangs of the birth. It happened at midnight.—Her frame must have dropped in consequence of the venom, which resisted the force and subtilty of all application.—Soon—too soon would the fair victim of constancy have sunk to the tomb; but these precipitating agonies added to the rest;—Oh they were too much. She fell before them.

In the expiring moment she called me to her—" 'Tis Emma's infant: take it, said she: it is a parting gift—I *can* no more—my father—my poor father!"—

She dropped upon the pillow, from which she twice vainly endeavoured to raise her head, and lift her eye to the objects about her———THEN BREATHED HER LAST.

Thus lived, and thus died, the most faithful and beautiful of women.

Charles

298 EMMA CORBETT.

Charles Corbett stands fixed over the corpse of his daughter.

The old man is now bereft of all! "I am childless, Sir Robert, (he exclaims)—Behold what CIVIL WAR has done for me." —————

Berkley, I have kissed the clay-cold lips —I have pressed the clay-cold hand. On that bed—that very bed——

—but I dare not indulge reflection. Pierced as I am, I would fain preserve a decent sorrow. Ah that I were in my grave! Impious wish! Is there a single point of space in the petty allotment of man, in which something important is not to be done?

You aged forlorn one, now weeping over his child, looks up to me alone for something which resembles comfort, during the wretched residue of life.

The funeral obsequies of Emma are yet to be performed——

The widow of Edward hath left a son——

The widow of Henry a daughter——

I will not die till Heaven's appointed hour: I have much occasion still for life.

—————

ROBERT RAYMOND.

—————

—————

LETTER

LETTER CXLIV.

TO THE SAME.

I AM just come from the most agonizing ceremony, oh Frederick, that can possibly pass under the eye of man!—May you never feel what otherwise you can never know! Easy in your fortunes, quiet in your situation, unconnected in your interests, you can, happily for you, have no conception—at least no perfect one—of that rend in the heart which is made by death, when youth, innocence, and beauty, is committed to the dust—when the parent hangs his drooping head over the last sad timent—when the orphans—

What have I said? Youth, innocence, and beauty!—and do *all* these then go down to the earth's cold bosom? Shall none of them ascend? The glooms of the soul almost carry sensation into sin! They shall *ALL* ascend! The *one* shall ensure everlasting existence to the *others*. Innocence shall immortalize beauty and youth.

I am reasoning with an almost breaking heart, Berkeley; while poor old Corbett, the survivor of his family, in all the solemn pathos of grief, forgets every pain of body in nursing that which is seated within. The romance of youth may teach you to expect that I should execrate—that I
should

should summon to my assistance ever infernal power—that I should tax heaven itself with cruelty, and take refuge from alternating man, amidst the friendly concealment of impenetrable woods. This may, perhaps, answer the purpose of the novelist, but it corresponds not with the nature of your friend. No, Berkley. It is not in a moment like this that the truly touched and truly tender indulge themselves in outrage. The first burst is past: that which began with loudness, with vehemence, and with vociferation, settles into the still, the solemn, and the affecting. The temper, stormy and headstrong, of Corbett himself, terminates in the eloquence of dumb distress. The tears fall fast from me as I write. More *impetuous* periods I have felt: so *awful* and so *affecting* a crisis never did I experience. You, who knew not Emma, and have not a regular thought you have a worthy heart, cannot know what I have lost. The manner of her death—the motive—and the whole tenour of circumstances conducted with it, throw over every passage of the scene, a colour so movingly sad, that I sit wonderstruck in the room, and seem almost in my grave, with the world about me. I have exerted myself to say thus much at the winding up of this solemn catastrophe, lest you, my dear Berkley, or any other person, into whose hands these

these

these incidents may fall, should presume to question the ways of ALMIGHTY GOD, which are justifiable in every part of this pathetic story. Erroneous notions of punishment and reward, are perhaps the leading steps to religion and infidelity. The vile herd of novellists have done an essential injury to the cause of virtue, by sacrificing to the pleasure of the reader, beyond the simplicity of truth. Difficulty, in the beginning of a narrative; love, in the middle; and marriages, at the end, make up, almost invariably, the recipe of a modern romance. This is called rewarding virtue; a bad character or two, perhaps, drops off, and that is called punishing vice. False, foolish, conclusion! Look into life. Doth not heaven's blessed beam shine equally on the just and the unjust. Are all rewards so mechanically contrived? Hath virtue no joys of her own?—joys, which generous sorrow only can produce? Is the sacred struggle of a good man *altogether afflictive*? To pass through a road perplexed and thorny—to travel through a hard and difficult life, without tearing the finer principles from the heart, doth it require no better conduct than moves in the machinery of those contemptible pages where all is given up to letter'd art, and distorted imagination? Are there no sweets in the pensive sigh—the pious tear? Break they from the

mourner without offering him *any* balm? Hath heaven-born constancy no comforts? Consider the life of Emma! Hath death, at once virtuous and christian, nothing to lift the survivor's spirit above every care of vulgar being? Oh Frederick, I am touched by a very tender example. In lamenting as I *now* lament, say, my friend, is there no dear and welcome mitigations? Yes, I feel—I *feel* that there are. Would I part with this generous grief?—Ah no! What would I take in exchange?—The universe should not buy it from me. I even anticipate the holy satisfaction when I shall steal from the shout and strife of society, to the tomb of a virtuous woman. Think you I love her less because I no more shall see her? Hath she suffered in my esteem *by her ascension into heaven*? Shall she lose as an angel, what as a mortal she acquired? I love her better. The Omnipotent placed her in the path of my life, to fix and concentrate the best of passions. I am not of disposition or age to change again. Oh that the daughter of Emma may live! Shall I be content with a parent's *common* duty—to cloathe, to feed, to educate? Consider, Berkley, *whose* babe it is!

I have hurried down stairs to examine my treasure!

—it lives, it sleeps. I have felt its gentle breath on my cheek.

God

God will spare it. *Louisa's* orphan too is mine. *Corbett* too shall live. I have moved towards his bed-side often, since I began to write. His face is hid—he will not yet endure existence, but the hours of resignation are at hand.

I conjure you, then *Berkley*, to *settle* your opinions about Providence.—Bring your piety to a point.—Cultivate your tenderness.—Love, like *Emma*; and if you meet with *such* a disappointment, do not *transfer* your affection, but turn it to a generous account. The *vulgar* effect of tender distress, is dissipation or despair. Had I yielded to these, a poor old man would have wanted a friend; two lovely infants, a parent; and I the self-approving *bosom-ray*, which cheers my spirit in this vale of sorrow.

Circumscribe not, therefore, the rewards of Heaven. The writer of a romance would paint me as a wretch without hope, who calls down the stroke of fate in pity to his aid. Attend *you* to the reality, my friend; and behold a man who wishes still to live! and who thinks himself rewarded.

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

LETTER CXLV.

TO THE SAME.

WE are removed to Castleberry. Oh, it was a gloomy and mournful greeting that I paid it!—Every tree, every book, every chair, figured before me as the *spectre of a buried joy*. Emma enters the bosom, and touches at a thousand points.—Yet even in *this* woe, there is a mixture of sweetness. I would not be without it. The mad metropolis, I am told, is just illuminated for success in battle. The house of Corbett is an example of the reasons *either* party have to rejoice on this, or on any similar occasion. It is not an enemy that hath done this great mischief—it is, we may truly say, our late familiar friend.

I enter the metropolis no more. A few years only can be mine. They shall be engaged in reconciling my poor dear Corbett to life, on heaven's own terms, and preparing for infancy an easy cradle—for age a smooth and peaceful pillow. Berkeley, congratulate me! My children are both well. The bounty of the Almighty is still upon me.

Oh

Oh friend, receive my cordial blessing:
let your heart be kind, your life be pure
and——

Farewell.

ROBERT RAYMOND.



LETTER CXLVI.

TO THE SAME.

IN the close of our correspondence on this subject, receive the tribute of a tender, tearful moment—receive an epitaph for Emma's marble. The *little* Emma will, I fondly fancy, resemble her cherub mother: at least, I am hourly shaping her lovely features into imaginary similitude; and when affection is looking for a likeness, she either finds or forms it. But whatever be the *exterior* of this dear, *dear* legacy, oh may her *mind* take its colour from the parent; and Emma, who is in heaven, again give lustre to earth in the virtues of her child.

ROBERT RAYMOND.

I N-

DESCRIPTION*

FOR THE

MONUMENT OF EMMA.

AH pass not yet. If thou didst ever know
 The tenderest touches of impassion'd woe!
 Pass not: if Truth, and Fortitude, and Love,
 Can stay thy footsteps, or thy spirit move!
 Pass not: if every elegance of soul
 Can charm thy senses, or thy steps controul,
 Pass not: if more than Roman virtue, here
 With more than female softness, claim the tear.
 Nor pass, if heaven-born sympathy have art
 To urge the thrilling pulses of thy heart.
 But if, nor suffering worth thy soul can move,
 Nor the sweet impulse of a generous love;
 If fortitude, with glowing beauty join'd,
 Knows not the power to captivate thy mind;
 If health, if joy, devoted to the tomb,
 If life, laid down to ward a lover's doom;
 If patience, perseverance, ardour, truth,
 Blended with every charm of female youth;
 If these, and every virtue, every grace,
 Want power to melt the soul upon thy face:
 Then quickly pass—this hallowed spot forbea!
 THE FEELING HEART ALONE SHOULD TAR-
 RY HERE.

* The Author of Emma Corbett is indebted for this monumental tribute to an elegant and tender friend.

THE END.



